

**Hitesranjan Sanyal Memorial Collection**  
**Centre for Studies in Social Sciences, Calcutta**

Record No.	CSS 2000/20	Place of Publication:	Calcutta
		Year:	1800
		Language	English
Collection:	Indranath Majumder	Publisher:	“Printed by Thomas Hollingbery, Hircarah Press
Author/ Editor:	Hollingbery, Thomas (Printer)	Size:	15x21cms.
		Condition:	Brittle
Title:	Poems in Three Parts: Part the First: The Latin Poetry of the Late Sir William Jones with an English Version; Part the Second: Literary Characteristics of the Most Distinguished Members of the Asiatic Society; Part the Third: Miscellaneous Poems of East Indies.	Remarks:	Fort William College Collection

# POEMS IN THREE PARTS.

## PART THE FIRST.

THE LATIN POETRY OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JONES, WITH AN  
ENGLISH VERSION.

## PART THE SECOND.

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED  
MEMBERS OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY, 1799.

## PART THE THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS WRITTEN IN THE EAST INDIES.



PRINTED BY THOMAS HOLLINGBERY.

HIRCARRAH PRESS.

1800.

(PRICE ONE GOLD MOHUR 17 SHILLINGS.)

## SUBSCRIBER'S NAMES.

THE MOST NOBLE RICHARD MARQUIS WELLESLEY, KNIGHT OF  
THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF ST. PATRICK, GOVERNOR  
GENERAL OF INDIA, &c. &c. &c. — — — — *Six Copies.*

THE HONOURABLE SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER, BART, CHIEF JUSTICE  
AND PRESIDENT OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY. — — *Two Copies.*

THE EXCELLENCY LIEUT. GENERAL SIR AUBREY CLARKE, K. B.  
COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE FORCES IN INDIA, &c. — *Two Copies.*

TER SPEKE, ESQ. — — *Two Copies.*  
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. — — *Two Copies.* } *Members of the Supreme Council.*

A  
Abbot, Henry Esq.  
Alexander, James Esq.  
Anstruther, Richard Esq.  
B  
Ayley, W. B. Esq.  
Barlow, George Hilary Esq.  
Bentley, John Esq.  
C. The Hon'ble Col. O. Serampore.  
Crichton, Richard Comyn Esq. *Chinsurah.*  
Cromwell, William Coates Esq.  
Cromwell, Sir Charles William Bart.  
Cromwell, John Esq.  
Cromwell, Bruce Esq.  
Cromwell, Philip Esq.  
Cromwell, John Esq.  
Cromwell, William Augustus Esq. *2 Copies.*  
Cromwell, Thomas Esq. *Hougly.*  
Cromwell, Revd. David  
Cromwell, Revd. Claudius  
Cromwell, Adam Esq.  
Cromwell, Mr. Thomas  
Cromwell, Mr. John Taverner  
C  
Cromwell, Colonel *Engineers.*  
Cromwell, James Esq.

Campbell, David Esq.  
Cartwright, Lieut. Ed.  
Catts, Mr. Deputy Commissary *Futty Ghur.*  
Chisholm, C. Esq.  
Clarke, Lieut. Richard *Cavalry.*  
Cliffe, Lieut. Col. *Royal Fusileers.*  
Colebrooke, Capt. R. H.  
Collins, Lieut. Col.  
Coote, Chidley Esq.  
Colvin, Alexander Esq.  
Cotton, John Esq.  
Crommelin, Charles Russel Esq.  
Cumming, Mr. *Master of the Calcutta*  
*Academy.*

D  
Da Cruz, Philip Esq.  
Darby, Lieut. Col.  
Davis, Samuel Esq.  
De Castro, Lieut. Col.  
De L'Etang, Mr. A.  
Dinwiddie, James L. L. D.  
Dolby, Mr. William  
D'Oyly, Charles Esq.  
Downie, Capt. George  
Downie, Robert Esq.  
Dyer, Lieut. Col.

## SUBSCRIBER'S NAMES.

Dumbleton, Henry Esq.

Elder, James Serj. Major, 6th Reg. N. I.  
Engel, James Samuel Esq.

Fairlie, William Esq.  
Farquhar, John Esq.  
Farquharson, William Esq.  
Fendall, John Esq. *Moorshedabad.*  
Fenwick, Lieut. Col.

Fitzherbert, Captain.  
Fitzmaurice and Waters, Messrs. 2 Copies.  
Fleming, John Esq. 2 Copies.  
Fleming, W. M. Esq.  
Foley, George Richard Esq.  
Forster, Henry Pitts Esq.  
Fulton, Mr. John William

Gale, Capt. Christopher *Artillery*  
Gardiner, J. P. Esq.  
Gerard, Major John  
Gilchrist, John Esq. 2 Copies.  
Gilmore, Allen Esq.  
Gladwin, Francis Esq.  
Glaf, Major Andrew *Artillery*.  
Golding, Edward Esq.  
Gordon, Lieut. Col. Hugh Mackay  
Gordon, William Esq.  
Graham, Thomas Esq.

Hair, Mr. W. F.  
Hall, John Esq.  
Hamilton, Sir Frederic Bart.  
Hare, James M. D.  
Hardwicke, Capt. Thomas *Artillery*.  
Harrington, John Herbert Esq.  
Hart, William Esq.  
Hatch, George Esq.  
Hatch, Thomas Esq. *Moorshedabad.*  
Hawnes, Lieut. Col.  
Henchell, Tilman Esq. *The late*  
Hickey, William Esq.  
Hollingbery, Mr. Thomas  
Holt, John Esq.  
Home, Robert Esq.  
Hopper, Capt. William, *Artillery*.  
Humphrys, Capt. Isaac  
Hunter J. Esq.  
Hunter, William Esq.

Irwin, James Esq.

James, Capt. Charles *Ship Athens.*  
Jones, William Townsend Esq.  
Jones, Samuel Esq.  
Jones, Robert Esq.

Kierulf, S. Esq. *Serampore.*  
Kirkpatrick, Lieut. Col. William  
Krefting, Jacob Esq. *First Member*  
*Danish Majesty's Council, Serampore.*

Laird, J. Esq.  
Law, Charles Esq.  
Leny, Robert Esq.  
Limrick, Revd. Paul  
Litton, Capt. B.  
Lloyd, Edward Esq.  
Logan, William Esq.  
Lumsden, John Esq.

Macan, Lieut. Col. *Ghazepore.*  
Macfarlane, Robert Esq.  
Macintyre, Lieut. Col. John *Artillery*  
Maclean, Allen Esq.  
Mackenly, Lieut. Henry *The late.*  
Mackey, James Esq.  
Macklew, Andrew Esq.  
Macnabb, Donald Esq.  
Macnaghten, Francis Esq.  
Mainwairing, Lieut. E.  
Maitland, P. Esq.  
Mann, Mr. Robert. *Dinagapore.*  
Measures, Mr. Joseph  
Miller, Capt. J.  
Miller, John Esq.  
Mitchell, Adam Esq. *Hongly.*  
Montgomery, Capt. H. C.  
Morris, Lieut. L. B.  
Morison, Capt. Alexander  
Morrisson, David Esq. 2 Copies.  
Moscrop, William Esq.  
Muschett, Patrick Esq.

Namey, Mr. Lewis

Oldfield, Christopher Esq. *Kishnaghat.*  
Ord and Knox, Messrs.  
Oswald, George Esq. *Hongly.*

## SUBSCRIBER'S NAMES.

Palmer, John Esq.  
Paton, William Esq.  
Pechell, P. W. Esq.  
Pingel, I. C. Esq. *Serampore.*  
Plowden, Henry Chichley Esq.  
Prendergast, M. G. Esq.

Raitt, Charles Esq. *H. C. S. Earl Spencer.*  
Reddih, Lieut. Charles 5th Reg. N. I.

Rees, N. P. Esq.  
Ricketts, C. M. Esq.  
Roberdeau, Henry Esq.  
Roberts, Lieut. H.  
Robertson, Colin Esq.  
Ross, Lieut. C.  
Roworth, Thomas Esq.  
Royds, The Hon'ble John  
Roxburgh, William M. D.  
Ruffel, Knt. The Hon'ble Sir Henry  
Ruffel, G. Col.

Sandys, Capt.  
Seton, Sir Alexander Bart. *Nuddeah.*  
Sherar, J. W. Esq.

Shore, John Esq.  
Shoolbred, John Esq.  
Shoolbred, Lieut.  
Shouldham, Mr. Edward  
Stapleton, John Esq.  
Statham, Mr. R. C.  
Strachey, E. Esq.  
Strettel, Edward Esq.  
Stuart, General  
Sydenham, Capt. B.

Taylor, Mr. James  
Thoroton, Edward Esq.  
Thornhill, Cudbert Esq.  
Trail, Henry Esq.  
Trench, Capt. Frederic  
Turner, Richard Esq.

Udvey, George Esq.

Ware, General  
Watson, Lieut. Archibald *Cavalry.*  
Weston, Lieut. J.  
Wilford, Capt. Francis *Engineers.*  
Woodburne, Col. David *Artillery.*



# THE CONTENTS.

## PART THE FIRST.

	PAGE.
The Latin Poetry of the Late Sir William Jones, with an English Version.	
Dedication to Lady Jones.	
A Very Ancient Chinese Ode.	3
A Persian Ode (The Approach of Spring.)	5
Another (The Power of Wine.)	7
An Arabian Ode.	11
Ode to Lælius.	15
Ode to the Moon.	19
Ode to Venus.	21
Another, in Imitation of the celebrated Hymn of Sappho to Venus.	25
Extract from the Heroic Poem of the Persian Poet Ferdusi.	29
An Arabian Elegy from Ebno'l Faredh.	37
A Persian Fable.	43
Sir William's Farewell to the Muse.	45

## PART THE SECOND.

Literary Characteristicks of the Most Distinguished Members of the Asiatic Society 1799.	47
Dedication to the President, Sir John Anstruther.	49

## PART THE THIRD.

Miscellaneous Poems written in the East Indies.	69
Dedication to Mr. Hunter.	71
The Prospect.	73
Address to LORD MORNINGTON, Feb. 6th, 1800.	76
Verfes on the Death of Captain Robert Davies, Aid-de-Camp to the Right Honourable the Governor General. Inscribed to Captain Cook.	78

# CONTENTS.

The River Side.	— — — — —
Ode to my Infant Daughter, Eliza Howrah.	— — — — —
An Humble Attempt to verify the LORD'S PRAYER.	— — — — —
On Women.	— — — — —
The Contract.	— — — — —
Ode to Benares.	— — — — —
Mary Queen of Scots.	— — — — —
The English Free Masons.	— — — — —
The Auctioneer. Imitated from the Latin of Sir James Macdonald.	— — — — —
Verſes to the Memory of Sir James Macdonald.	— — — — —
Translation of the Hexameter, deſigned for the Tomb of Mr. Irvine, the famous blind School Maſter of Annan.	— — — — —
Deſcription of the moſt eminent Literary Characters among our Countrymen.	— — — — —
Ode to the Æolian Harp.	— — — — —
Mobaruck ul Mulk.	— — — — —
The Art of Living in India.	— — — — —
The Battle of Beetorah.	— — — — —
The Vanity of Friendſhip.	— — — — —
Erudition.	— — — — —
Amator and Margaretta, a true and affecting Love Tale.	— — — — —

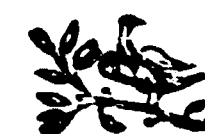
## PART THE FIRST.

### THE LATIN POETRY

OF THE LATE

SIR WILLIAM JONES,

WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION.



Nec verbum verbo, curabis reddere fidus,

Interpres.

HORACE.

Nor word for word too faithfully translate.

ROSCOMMON.

TO LADY JONES.

MY LADY,

THE GENIUS of BRITISH-INDIA had me attempt a version of the following beautiful little poems—I obey the sacred mandate!

I often stand pensively at the tomb of the inspired writer and softly pronounce that name so dear to you, so sacred in Asia, and so exalted through the universe!

To your Ladyship alone this offering can be made with propriety. It is a justice I owe to the memory of him, who loved me when living and whom while my heart throbs I will ever lament!

I am,

Your Ladyship's faithful Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Cuttack, May 1st, 1800.

CARMINUM LIBER.

## POEMS.

### I. ODE SINICA ANTIQUISSIMA.

*Citatur in Confucii libro qui dicitur Tà Hiò.*

VIDES ut agros dulcè gemmatos lavet.

Argenteus rivi latex;

Virides ut aura stridulo modulamine

Arundines interstrepant!

Sic, sic, amœno cincte virtutum choro

Princeps, amabiliter nites.

Ut maximo labere, & arte maximâ

Effingit artifex ebur,

Sic ad benignitatem amica civium

Blandè figuras pectora.

Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus

Fulgore lucentem aureo,

Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam

Ornare morum lumine.

O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas!

Minantur & rident simul.

O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,

Et quantus incessu decor!

Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro

Princeps, amabiliter nites.

Annon per omne, Veris instar, seculum

Memoria florescet tui?

## POEMS.

3

### A VERY ANCIENT CHINESE ODE,

*Quoted in the Tà Hiò of Confucius.*

(A COPY OF WHICH IS PRESERVED IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.)

The following Ode has been translated from the Chinese language into the Latin, by Sir WILLIAM, who informs us in his treatise on the 2d classical book of the Chinese, that the Ode is taken from the 1st vol. of the SHI KING. "It is a panegyrick" says he "on VUCAN, Prince of GUEY, in the Province of HONANG, who died near a century old, 756 years before the birth of CHRIST. The Chinese Poet might have been cotemporary with HOMER and HESIOD, or at least, must have written the Ode before the ILIAD and ODYSSEY were carried into GREECE by LYCURGUS."

SEE how the silvery river glides  
And laves the fields bespangled sides!  
Hear how the whispering breeze proceeds  
Harmonious through the verdant reeds!  
Observe our Prince thus lovely shine!  
In him the meek ey'd Virtues join!  
Just as a patient carver will  
Hard ivory model by his skill,  
So his example has impress'd,  
Benevolence in every breast.  
Nice hands to the rich gem, behold,  
Impart the gloss of burnish'd gold:  
Thus he in manners goodly great,  
Refines the people of his State.  
True Lenity how heavenly fair!  
We see it, while it threatens, spare!  
What beauties in its open face?  
In its deportment—What a grace?  
Observe our Prince thus lovely shine!  
In him the meek ey'd Virtues join!  
His memory of eternal prime,  
Like Truth defies the power of Time!



## II. ODE PERSICA.

*A Poeta admirabili Hafez.*

JAM rosa purpureum caput explicat. Adsit, amici,  
 Suavis voluptatum cohors :  
 Sic monuere fenes.  
 Nunc læti sumus; at citius læta avolat ætas,  
 Quin sacra mutemus mero  
 Stragula nectareo?  
 Dulcè gemit zephyrus : ridentem mitte puellam,  
 Quam molli in amplexu tenens  
 Pocula læta bibam.  
 Tange chelyn. Sævit fortuna; at mitte querelas;  
 Cur non canoros barbiti  
 Elicimus modulos?  
 En! florum regina nitet rosa. Fundite vini,  
 Quòd amoris extinguat facem,  
 Nectareos latices.  
 Suavè loquens Philomela vocor : quæ fiat ut umbræ  
 Tectus rosarum nexili  
 (Meris avis) taceam?

## II.—A PERSIAN ODE,

(THE APPROACH OF SPRING)

FROM THE CELEBRATED POET DEWAN HAFEZ.

NOW is the Season, Roses gay,  
 Light purple-tinctur'd blooms display;  
 When Sires thus jovial youths invite,  
 To the fair gardens of delight.  
 " Time will your sprightliness destroy,  
 " Then give the present hours to joy.  
 " Assemble all!—convivial join!  
 " The ~~scar~~ red carpet \* sell for wine!  
 " And while you feel the fanning breeze,  
 " Which whispers through the waving trees,  
 " Pray that beside you may be laid  
 " Some playful laughter loving maid.  
 " And to her health and charms divine,  
 " Quaff glasses of enlivening wine.  
 " Is Fortune cruel?—Then go suit,  
 " To querulous complaint, the lute;  
 " From the touch'd strings make Music float,  
 " On air in soft melodious note.  
 " When first you see in fragrant bowers  
 " The Rose—resplendent Queen of flowers!  
 " Then let the goblets brimful shine,  
 " With bright nectareous racy wine!  
 " Wine can the tender pangs remove,  
 " And cause forgetfulness in love.  
 " The sweetly warbling nightingale,  
 " With melody fills every dale.  
 " How can she cease, sweet bird of Spring!  
 " Mid budding Roses perch'd, to sing?

\* Upon which the Mahomedans prostrate themselves at the time of prayers.

## III. A L T E R A.

AFFER scyphos, & dulcé ridentis meri

Purpureos latices

Effunde largiùs, puer.

Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium,

Difficileſque ſenum

Emollit aſgritudines.

Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;

Nectareis foveat

Dic luna ſolem amplexibus.

Flammas nitentes ſparge : vini ſcilicet

Fervidioris aquam

Flammæ nitentis æmulam:

Quòd ſi roſarum fragilis avolat decor,

Sparge, puer, liquidas

Vini rubefcentis roſas.

## III. A N O T H E R,

FROM THE SAME.

GO, Boy ! and bring a copious bowl,

Whoſe fides are purpled o'er

With liquor grateful to the ſoul,

Which plentifully pour.

Wine can th'impellent fires aſſuage,

Which pain in youth, yet pleaſe :

Wine can allay the griefs of age,

And even ſickneſs eaſe.

Wine emulates yon Sun of gold,

The goblet the Moon's face,

Which will the generous liquor hold,

In nectarine embrace. \*

But let the ſhining fire once go,

Then luſtre-beaming wine,

An equal fervour can beſtow,

With equal brilliance ſhine.

When the fair ſeaſon of the Roſe,  
(Too ſhort liv'd flower!) has fled,

No ſubſtitute we can propoſe,

Excepting liquid red.

\* The poetic imagery of the Perſians appears very ſtrange to the European ear, it is literally thus.

The Sun and the Moon are the Wine and the Cup.  
Bring the Sun in the centre of the Moon.

Si devium Philomela deferit nemus,

Pocula læta canant

Non elaboratum melos.

Injuriosæ sperne fortunæ minas;

Lætaque mœstitiam

Depellat informem chelys.

Somnus beatos, fomnus amplexûs dabit :

Da mihi dulce merum

Somnum quod alliciat levem.

Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos,

Ut placidâ madidus

Oblivione perfruar.

Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum :

Seu vetitum fuerit,

Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

And if the nightingale deserts,

The pathless woods awhile,

Full goblets can rejoice our hearts,

A Music without toil.

Fortune's harsh menaces despise,

And take the lute of joy;

Sorrow before sweet Music flies.

Let it whole hours employ.

Since balmy Sleep can seal the eye,

That Power with wine allure,

In sleep's extatic trances lie,

From painful thought secure.

'Tis pleasant to be drunk with wine,

And placid madness know,

Then make more cups like rubies shine,

I'll in oblivion go.

Slave! bring another cup with speed,

Then go another fill!

Or be it lawful or forbid,

Drink, O my friend! I will.

## IV. ODE ARABICA.

AD FABULLUM.

*In libro HAMASA carmen est lætarum imaginum plenissimum, quod  
niam ad Græcorum laudem videtur proximè accedere—  
—verti, vel potius imitatus sum, verbis atque  
nibus ad nostram consuetudinem aptatis—*

POES. ASIAT: COMM.

DULCI tristitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,

Multâ reclines in rosâ.

Urgere blandis osculis puellas;

## IV. AN ARABIAN ODE.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN GILCHRIST, ESQ.

*In HAMASA\* collection there is an Ode replete with lively images,  
which as it is written with Attic elegance I have translated or rather  
imitated, and adapted the poetic imagery for the English ear.*

*his most charming Ode is allusive to the manners of those happiest of shep-  
berds, the ARABIANS, who, in the vernal months, by the moon light, in  
the clear sky of their delightful climate, employ the serene hours of night  
near the balsamick groves of spicy fragrancy, in dancing, singing, re-  
citing poetry, and every sweet species of pastoral amusement which  
characterizes ASIANS, but more particularly the ARABIANS. Sir  
WILLIAM has inscribed his Ode to a friend whom he names Fabullus.  
This version I inscribe to that celebrated Oriental Philologer Mr. GIL-  
CHRIST.]*

WHILE, all serene, the lamp of night,

Affords a silvery trembling light,

Let us, where roses bloom, recline,

And sorrow drown in luscious wine,

And while Love's warmth the soul pervades,

Steal kisses from bewitching maids.

*The most famous collection of ancient Arabic Poetry, is called HAMASA, and  
contains a number of Epigrams, Odes, and Elegies, composed on various occasions: it  
is compiled by ABU TEMAN, who was an excellent Poet himself, and used to say,  
if fine sentiments delivered in prose were like gems scattered at random, BUT THAT  
WHEN THEY WERE CONFINED IN A POETICAL MEASURE THEY RESEMBLED BRACE-  
LETS AND STRINGS OF PEARLS.*

*Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.*



Aut, dum prata levi pulsat pede delicata virgo  
 Comam renodans auream,  
 Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ :  
 Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo sub antro  
 Ad suave zephyrorum melos  
 Rore advocati spargier soporis :  
 Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas  
 His, mite dum tempus favet,  
 Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.  
 Quicunque aut rerum domini sumus, aut graves coacti  
 Curas egestatis pati,  
 Debemur asperæ, Fabulle, morti.

Should one superior girl advance,  
 To tread the lawn in airy dance,  
 Who but must glow to see her bind,  
 Her flowing hair in knots behind ? †  
 While in the cooling grot, the lyre  
 Tun'd, and the fanning breeze conspire  
 To lull to rest — Say shall we steep  
 Our temples in the dews of sleep ?  
 Sweet are the joys you yearly bring,  
 O genial renovating Spring !  
 To sprightly youths—to damsels fair—  
 Be the gay Scafon free from care,  
 And only merriment be seen,  
 While Nature seems to laugh in green !  
 For life is short and sceptred Kings,  
 The sovereign Lords of earthly things,  
 As well as Slaves compell'd to bear,  
 A life of want and toil and care,  
 O GILCHRIST ! certainly will come,  
 To the inevitable Tomb !

† *Comam renodans auream*. I have translated *flowing hair* as *golden hair* is an epithet appropriate to Asiatics. I recollect, when I was a very young student, to have read in the Grecian Poets commendations on the graceful knotted hair of women, and was then at loss to conceive, how hair could be gracefully *knotted*, but after my arrival in Asia, saw it was a truth. The hair appears not only becoming, but strikingly beautiful, here knotted a little distance from the head, especially the hair of the delicate Mogul women, and those of that light complexion, which prevails amongst the higher class of people in the city of Benares. I am convinced, such of my countrymen think so, whose minds are superior to prejudice, and whose eyes have been reconciled by time to the colour of symmetrical East Indians. Hair is the most beautiful female ornament, and in all ages and in all countries, women have uniformly paid to it a daily adoration, cleansing, scenting, and adorning it, some with perfumes, ribands and gems—others with fragrant oils and gaudy flowers, nor are savage nations insensible or inattentive to this part of female loveliness. Poets, whose piercing eyes have penetrated the beauties of Nature, avow, that the tresses and flowing hair are as much the pride of the face, as the smiles and dimples of the face. The sight of a damsel who robs herself of this beautiful ornament sickens the soul of the Muse—Avaunt ! ye damsels who have no eyes for my trembling fingers to play in.



## V. AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata sororibus,  
 Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi  
 Fluctus, vel celer undâ  
 Ganges aufifera lavit,  
 Læli, si mea fit dives opum domus :  
 Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea  
 Servo carmina blandis  
 Nympharum auribus insolens,  
 Quarum tu potior pectora candidis  
 Mulces alloquiis, te potiozem amat  
 Musa, utcunque puellæ  
 Pulsas Æoliæ fides.

## V.—ODE TO LÆLIUS.

[LÆLIUS was a friend of Sir WILLIAM's who had been endeared to him  
 in early youth. His presenting a Chess board and Chess men to the sisters  
 of his friend occasioned the following original Ode. ]

IF in my country I acquire  
 That opulence which I desire :  
 O LÆLIUS I'll prepare  
 Soft robes and gems from TAGUS' waves,  
 And those gold-rolling GANGES laves,  
 To give your sisters fair.  
  
 Whene'er I touch thy silver strings,  
 Sweet lyre! my art no music brings  
 To their nice judging ears ;  
 More potent you their minds enrich,  
 With all the soothing power of speech,  
 Improving while it cheers.  
  
 My Muse your greater power admires,  
 Whene'er to strike the SAPPHEIC wires,  
 Soft impulse makes you yield :  
 Then will I meditate to lay  
 Ivory brigades in war array,  
 And mark for Chess the field!

Quin illis acies mittere commodus  
 Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus  
 Armis conspiciendæ  
 Bella innoxia destinant;  
 Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni  
 Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,  
 Cornicum manus albis  
 Nigrans certat oloribus.  
 Cur non sub viridi ludimus ilicis  
 Umbrâ suppositi? Dic veniat genis  
 Ridens Lydia pulchris,  
 Et saltare decens Chloë:  
 Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines;  
 Me testudineis aut Venerem modis  
 Dicente, aut juvenilis  
 Telum dulce Cupidinis.

Amusement meet!—Lo shall arise  
 Battalions clad in different dyes,  
 Grim black, and shining white:  
 And Chiefs of mighty power shall here  
 Of fair and fable mien appear,  
 To wage innoxious fight.

Like what the footy crows we're told,  
 Wag'd with the silver swans of old,  
 And rais'd immortal jars:  
 To gain EUROTAS' cooling wave,  
 Or in the TIBER's shallows lave,  
 They fought in sportive wars.

And may not we delude the day,  
 With all the innocence of play,  
 Beneath the verdant shade?  
 Tell me how LYDIA comes apace,  
 LYDIA sprung from a beauteous race,  
 A laughter-loving maid.

Or tell you CHLOE see advance,  
 To trip the green in sportive dance,  
 I'll be myself again;  
 And while I sing the Queen of joy,  
 Or arrow of her blooming boy,  
 Sport on ye virgin train!

## VI. AD LUNAM.

CÆLI dulcè nitens decus,  
 Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe :  
 Pulchræ tectâ peto Chloës,  
 Et labrum roseo nectare suavius.  
 Non prædator ut improbus,  
 Per sylvas propero, te duce, devias ;  
 Nec, dum lux radiat tua,  
 Ultricem meditor figere cuspidem,  
 Quem tu, mitis Amôr, semel  
 Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,  
 Illum deferuit furor,  
 Et telum facili decidit è manu.  
 Nec, delicta per et nefas  
 Furtiva immeritus gaudia persequor ;  
 Blandâ victa Chloë prece  
 Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens.

## VI.—ODE TO THE MOON.

*Some lines to the Moon were written by an ingenious friend of Sir WILLIAM's who was desirous of seeing them in a Grecian dress. Sir WILLIAM complied with his friend's request and has given a Greek version of them in his LIMON where they also appear in Latin, as annexed. ]*

Slowly, ah slowly now be driven,  
 Your car of silver bright ;  
 CYNTHIA, fair ornament of Heaven,  
 And regent of the night !

I beauteous MARY go to meet,  
 And fondly hope to sip ;  
 A nectar than the rose more sweet,  
 The nectar of her lip.

I do not as a robber tread,  
 Through glooms of pathless wood :  
 Nor by your beamy splendour led,  
 Seek I a rival's blood.

The fell assassin, gentle LOVE !  
 Cannot your power withstand ;  
 When you his soul to softness move,  
 The knife drops from his hand.

But I pursue not stolen bliss,  
 MARY will hear my tale ;  
 And to bestow a genial kiss,  
 Throw off her purple veil.



## VII. A D V E N E R E M.

ORO te teneri blanda Cupidinis  
 Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,  
 Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,  
 Herbosamque Amathunta, et viridem Cnidon,  
 Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,  
 Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immitior æsculo,  
 Mœrentis Licinî sollicitum melos  
 Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibiæ,  
 Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem  
 Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam  
 Cervicem tepidum flectat ad osculum.

## VII. O D E T O V E N U S.

*[Sir. WILLIAM under the assumed name of LICINIUS, the poetic master of CICERO, has written the two following beautiful Odes.]*

O, MOTHER of the God of Love,  
 Hear! may my prayers thy bosom move,  
 Thou who (sprung from the azure main)  
 Dwell'st on IDALIA's shrubby plain!  
 In flowery AMATHUSIA seen!  
 In CNIDUS, clad in shining green!  
 Goddess! let PYRRHA's breast be fill'd,  
 With tenderness to make her yield;  
 She now is more inclement far,  
 Than TENAROS' dread beeches are.  
 For her I pour a plaintive strain—  
 She scoffs—my music pours in vain!  
 She nor my tender flute attends,  
 Nor at my sounding fiddle bends.  
 Relentless fair, whom nought can move  
 To give the trembling kiss of Love.

(Quantum est et vacuis nectar in osculis !)

Quod si carminibus mitior applicet

Aures illa meis, si (rigidum gelu

Te solvente) pari me tepeat face,

Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,

Ponam conspicuo marmore lucidam,

Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathusiam

Pellam gramineum ter pede cespitem,

Tum nigranti hederâ et tempora laureâ

Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos :

At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium

Me ridet comitum cœtus amabilis ;

Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors

Ostendit digitis me, quia langueo

Demissis oculis, me, quia somnia

Abrupta haud facili virgine faucium

Monstrant, et violâ pallidior gena.

(O Heaven and what extatic bliss !

What nectar in a simple kiss !)

Should she grow milder—should she deign,

With tenderness to hear my strain,

And should'st thou fire her icy heart,

And equal warmth to me impart,

Then will I near a fountain raise,

A marble statue to thy praise,

And at thy altar—sacred earth !

Tread in an extacy of mirth.

Thy fame I'll then through PAPHOS ring,

And o'er all AMATHUSIA sing !

Then will I circle round thy brows,

Ivy dark-green and laurel boughs.

Then will I call thy fane around,

Music's exhilarating sound !

But now my youthful friends are fain

To raise their laughter at my pain,

And even the playful boys I meet,

Point at me in the public street,

Because I walk with downcast eyes,

For slumber from my pillow flies.

“ That youth ” cry they, “ who passes there,

“ Languishes for a cruel fair.”

When such remarks mine ears assail,

I turn, like violets, deadly pale.



## VIII. A D E A N D E M.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,  
 Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,  
 Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique  
 Lætior audis,

Linque jucundam Cnidon, et coruscum  
 Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,  
 Huc veni, et tecum properet soluto  
 Crine Thalia.

Jam venis! nubes placidi ferenas  
 Passeres findunt; super albicantes  
 Dum volant sylvas, celeresque versant  
 Leniter alas,

## VIII. ANOTHER ODE TO VENUS.

IMITATED FROM THE CELEBRATED HYMN OF SAPPHO TO VENUS.

[When such a Master as our Author has imitated such an exalted Poetess as SAPPHO, much may be expected in the following translation. If the reader is disappointed, let him recollect how difficult the task is to transfuse into English the sentiments of the melting Lesbian (a Lady whose soul was made up of Poetry and Love!), and them sentiments refined by so chaste, so universal and so polite a scholar as the immortal WILLIAM JONES—a man for erudition, eloquence, and purity of life, equal to the illustrious CICERO!]

O ERYCINA, thou whose face  
 Deceives with such beguiling grace!  
 O parent of the Smiles and Loves!  
 Supreme of PAPHOS' blissful groves!  
 Of joyous CYPRUS!—O appear  
 And graciously thy votary hear!

Leave CNIDUS—seat of soft delight!  
 Hither direct thy chariot bright!  
 Ah let thy presence cheer my home!  
 Hither entreated—Hither come!  
 With thee will hasten THALIA fair!  
 THALIA with loose unknotted hair!

Thou com'st—yon blue unruffled sky  
 Yields where thy gentle sparrows fly,  
 And while on liquid air they move  
 Above the shining verdant grove,  
 Quick turning on their fluttering wings,  
 Their flight their charming mistress brings.

Rursus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed almâ  
 Dulcè subridens facie, loquelam  
 Melle conditam liquido jacentis  
 Fundis in aurem.

“ Quà tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ,  
 “ Lucidis vehanti oculis amantes ?  
 “ Cur doces mœstas resonare lucum,  
 “ Care, querelas ?

“ Dona si ridet tua, dona mittet ;  
 “ Sive te molli roseos per hortos  
 “ Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur  
 “ Ipsa fugacem.”

Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,  
 Pectus ingratae rigidum Corinnæ  
 Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore  
 Forfit Adonis.

Dismiss by thee, their course is given  
 To thy divine abode in Heaven,  
 While thou, of peerless charms of face,  
 Laugh'st with a condescending grace—  
 While thus thy silver tongue affords  
 Melodious and consoling words.

“ LICINIUS ! say why such desire ?  
 “ Why glow'st thou with empassion'd fire,  
 “ When any sprightly damsel tries  
 “ For lovers, by her sparkling eyes ?  
 “ Why tell in groves thy tender pain  
 “ Until they echo back the strain ?

“ If first thy presents her offend,  
 “ She afterward shall presents send ;  
 “ If first she flies, as o'er the lawn  
 “ Flies the young timid sportive fawn,  
 “ The Maid in turn shall thee pursue,  
 “ She afterward shall softly woo.”

O Power ador'd by every Fair !  
 O gentle Goddess hear my prayer !  
 Ah let a portion of thy fire  
 CORINNA's rigid breast inspire !  
 Then may'st thou, Queen of sovereign charms !  
 Melt in thy own ADONIS' arms !

EX FERDUSII POETÆ PERSICI  
POEMATE HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem  
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressum ;  
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,  
Et secum in solio jussit confidere eburneo,  
Cælato rutilanti auro, infertisque pyropis.  
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroâ loquelâ,  
Multa super sociis, super armis multa rogabat,  
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,  
Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis :

EXTRACT FROM THE HEROIC POEM  
OF THE PERSIAN POET FERDUSI.

*The annexed Latin version, written with VIRGILIAN elegance, is from the SHAH NAMA of that celebrated Persian Poet ABUL CASSEM MUNSURIL FERDUSI. The following remarks by Mr. HAYLEY will be a better introduction to it than any I can offer. "The Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry contain a very spirited Latin version of a passage from the Persian Heroic Poem of FERDUSI, whom the poetical Commentator describes as a rival of HOMER—Nullum est ab Europæis scriptum poema, quod ad HOMERI dignitatem et quasi cælestem ardorem proprius accedat. — A large portion of FERDUSI has since appeared in an English dress, \* but I fear without obtaining in England, either for the Persian HOMER or the English Poet his translator, the admiration due to original genius or the just recompence of elegant labour. Let me add, however, that JONES's specimen of the Persian Epic Poetry attracted the notice, and obtained the praise of learned foreigners: it is inserted by the Abate TODERINI, in his copious and entertaining Work, entitled Letteratura Turchesca." ]*

AS soon as SAMUS, conquering Lord, return'd,  
And saw the King in sovereign pomp adorn'd,  
Approaching where th' Imperial splendour shone,  
He duteous bow'd to the refulgent throne.  
Deservedly the King in courtly state  
That Chief invited to his ivory seat,  
With rubies set, so exquisitely bright,  
And gold emboss'd, it blaz'd upon the sight!  
He then the General ask'd in gracious words  
Of his exploits and his associate Lords :  
Now in HYRCANIA what barbarians dwell ?  
Now what new conquests PERSIA's glories swell ?

\* A translation was published in Calcutta, by Joseph Champion, Esq.



Cui dux hæc memori parens est voce locutus.  
 Venimus ad castra hostilis, rex maxime, gentis;  
 Gens est dura, ferox; non aspera sævior errat  
 Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ;  
 Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.  
 Cum subito trepidam pervenit rumor in urbem  
 Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,  
 Auditi gemitûs, et non lætabile murmur:  
 Illicet æratâ fulgentes casside turmas  
 Eduxere viri; pars vastos fusa per agros,  
 Pars monte in rigido, aut depressa valle sedebat:  
 Horrui ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes  
 Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius sol.  
 Quale in arenoso nigrarum colle laborat  
 Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit;  
 Aut qualis culicum leviter stridentibus aîis  
 Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros;  
 Tales profiluere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi  
 Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus  
 Altior, aut vernans excelso in monte cupressus.  
 At Persarum artûs gelidâ formidine solvi  
 Arguit et tremor, et laxato in corpore pallor:

To whom in language meet, the patriot man,  
 Thus in return, his narrative began:  
 "O mighty King, when first the foe we view'd,  
 "We saw a people vigorous and rude.  
 "Not lions who in lonely forests stray,  
 "Not prowling tygers are so fierce as they:  
 "And nothing can their power of flight exceed,  
 "Not even of ARABY, the generous steed.  
 "Of our approach when first the rumour spread,  
 "Their state was seiz'd with universal dread;  
 "In every house and tower dismay appear'd,  
 "And only lamentable groans were heard!  
 "At length their bands in martial order pass,  
 "Their helmets shining with resplendent brass!  
 "Part in a vale, part on a mount were seen,  
 "And part were stretch'd along th' extensive green,  
 "With dreadful spears!—The dust that o'er them came  
 "Obscur'd the glories of the solar beam!  
 "So seem black ants when studiously they fill,  
 "With stores of gather'd corn the sandy hill;  
 "Or as a multitude of gnats appear  
 "With restless buzzing, grating to the ear,  
 "So burst they forward! CERCIUS led them on,  
 "Grandson of SALMUS, he the foremost shone;  
 "Upon the mountain height the cypress tree  
 "Or lofty pine not taller was than he!  
 "My Persians trembled as he came apace,  
 "A sudden paleness spread o'er every face!

Hoc vidi, et valido torquens hastile lacerto  
 Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas;  
 Irruit alatus sonipes, ceu torvus in arvis  
 Æthiopum latis elephas, neque sensit habenam:  
 Militibus vires rediére, et pristina virtus.  
 Ac velut, undantis cùm surgant flumina Nili,  
 Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,  
 Pingua frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva;  
 Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis:  
 Cum strepitum audierit nostrum, ingentemque fragorem  
 Findentis galeas et ferrea scuta bipennis,  
 Cercius, horrifico complens loca vasta boatu,  
 In me flexit equum, me crudeli ense petebat,  
 Captivumque arcto voluit constringere nodo:  
 Frustra; nam, lunans habilem nec segniter arcum,  
 Populeas mihi duro mucrone sagittas,  
 Flammærum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti:  
 Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, nosque morantes  
 Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidasve catenas:  
 Ut verò accessit violenti turbinis instar,  
 Pulsus ut et clypeus clypeo est, et casside cassis

" This I observ'd and brandishing my lance,  
 " Heading my men, commanded their advance!  
 " My Horse flew forward, senseless of the reins,  
 " Like a wild Elephant on ÆTHIOP's plains!  
 " 'Twas then returning ardour fir'd each soul!  
 " 'Twas then my troops rush'd on to Glory's goal!  
 " As seems the rising and the falling NILE,  
 " (Which makes the parsimonious farmer smile,  
 " Whene'er the ground the fat manure receives,  
 " As the flood rolls in undulating waves)  
 " So seem'd the cover'd far extended plain!  
 " That moving army seem'd a floating main!  
 " The noise in motion of our clattering arms,  
 " The wary ears of CERCIUS soon alarms!  
 " With clamour great he took a circling course,  
 " Seeming toward me alone to turn his horse:  
 " He hop'd to load me with a captive chain,  
 " Or in my gore his flaming sabre slain:  
 " Fruitless attempt!—my bow I aiming bent,  
 " And many a life destroying arrow sent;  
 " Like fire I saw my missile weapons fly,  
 " Or like the lambent lightning in the sky!  
 " Approaching, he of our delay complains,  
 " Menacing death or more ignoble chains,  
 " But like a boisterous whirlwind when we clos'd,  
 " Shield was to shield and helm to helm oppos'd!\*

In the Thebais of Statius there is a beautiful passage similar to this.

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,  
 Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspide cuspis.



Illum insurgentem, dirumque infligere vulnus  
 Conantem, arripui, qua discolor ilia cinxit  
 Balteus, et rutilis subnexa est fibula baccis.  
 Strenua tum valido molimine brachia versans  
 E stratis evulsi equitem; qui pronus, inermis,  
 Decidit, et rabido frendens campum ore momordit;  
 Pectora cui nivea, et ferratâ cuspide costas  
 Transfodi, madidam defluxit sanguis in herbam  
 Purpureus, tristisque elapsa est vita sub umbras.  
 Haud mora, diffugiunt hostes, ductore perempto,  
 Saxa per et colles; nostris victoria turmis  
 Affulfit, cæsosque doles, Hyrcania, natos.  
 Sic pereant, quicunque tuo, rex optime, scepro,  
 Qui premis imperio stellas, parere recusent!  
 Dixit; et heroas Persarum rector ovantes  
 Laudibus in cælum tollit; jubet inde beatas  
 Instaurari epulas, et pocula dulcia poni:  
 Conventum est, textoque super discumbitur auro.



" Just as he rose to make a deadly blow,  
 " I nimbly charg'd on the gigantic foe,  
 " With skill superior gave a powerful wound,  
 " Where studs of pearl his glittering swordbelt bound,  
 " And then exerting my collected force,  
 " I tore the Chieftan from his foaming horse!  
 " (Prostrate he falls— his ponderous arms resound,  
 " While he with madness raging bites the ground)  
 " Then in his snowy breast my sword transfix'd,  
 " The flowing crimson with the herbage mix'd,  
 " I saw the last expiring gasp he made,  
 " Gliding, unhappy, to the sombre shade!  
 " Their General slain, the foe without delay,  
 " Took flight—nor rocks nor hills impede their way,  
 " Joy for our Conquest through all PERSIA runs,  
 " While sad HYRCANIA mourns her slaughter'd sons!  
 " O best of kings! whose power is firmly laid,  
 " Who touch'st the stars with thy exalted head,  
 " Thus shall they fall who dare to disobey  
 " Thy sovereign mandate and imperial sway!"  
 He spoke—the King the Chiefs with praises loads,  
 Which rais'd their fame to the divine abodes,  
 Next he directs the nicest viands dress'd,  
 And luscious wine as a triumphal feast:  
 Th' assembly gather'd, pompous to behold!  
 On carpets glittering with resplendent gold.



EBNO'L FAREDH I ELEGIA ARABICA  
METRO OVIDIANO, LATINE REDDITA.

*Inter poetas recentiores facile omnibus præstat Elnol Faredh, cujus elegans volumen in Academia bibliotheca viamur: unam hujus scriptoris elegiam, quæ imagines Arabum campestrium luculentè demonstrat, libere subjungere.*

*Hoc poema versibus elegiacis reddere conati sumus, vel potius imitari, alii sententiis paullulum mutatis, aliis omnino rejectis, ita tamen ut elegiacæ formæ atque argumentum satis accuratè seruentur.*

POES: ASIAT: COMMENT

FULGUR an é densâ vibratum nube coruscat ?

An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas ?

Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis ?

Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant ?

Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,

Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis ?

Quam juvat ah ! patrios memori tenuisse recessus

Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros ?

AN ARABIAN ELEGY FROM EBNO'L FAREDH.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN AFTER THE MANNER OF OVID.

EBNO'L FAREDH, whose elegant work is preserved in the Library at OXFORD, is certainly superior to all modern Poets. One Elegy by this writer, which plainly shews the pastoral life of the ARABIANS, is here annexed.

We have endeavoured to translate this Poem into Elegiac verse, or rather to imitate it, with some sentiments a little varied and others totally rejected. Nevertheless, it is here presented in such a manner as to display with sufficient exactness both the subject and nature of the ARABIAN Elegy.

*It requires indeed a variation from the original Arabian to adapt the wild and fanciful imagery of this Elegy to the European ear. ]*

DOES lightening vibrate in th' ætherial space ?  
Or is unveil'd young LEILA's beauteous face ?  
Does fire in yonder GADHA \* arbours flame ?  
Or is it SOLIMA's bright eyes that beam ?  
Do scents on air from MECCA's violets move ?  
Or fragrances from HAGAR's spikenard grove ?  
Or is it AZZA comes—a lovely fair—  
Diffusing odours from her floating hair ?  
How pleasing is the retrospective view,  
When Fancy images past days anew,  
While I, an exile, stray through foreign fields,  
And pensive, know the joys which memory yields ?

\* A species of *Ej* or *Tamarisk*, used as fire-wood by the Arabians



Valle sub umbrosâ, p[ro]p[ter] ubi luget amator,  
 Num colit affuetos mollis amica lares?  
 Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur  
 Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ?  
 An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,  
 Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, sitim?  
 Quot mea felices vidistis gaudia, campi,  
 Gaudia væ! misero non renovanda mihi?  
 Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut pascua Tudæ  
 Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?  
 Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,  
 "Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit?"  
 Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?  
 Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?  
 Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?  
 Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!  
 An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ  
 Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?  
 An viridem saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum  
 Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?

Still does the charmer in that valley keep,  
 Where her despairing swain was wont to weep?  
 Now does loud thunder through the mountains roar?  
 And look they greener from the sprinkling shower?  
 Ah! when, as formerly, at dawning day,  
 Shall AZIB's limpid stream my thirst allay?  
 Sweet plains which saw what bliss I could attain  
 Ah! shall I ever know such bliss again?  
 What youths now sing the hopes and fears of love,  
 At TUDÆ's pasture ground and NAGED's grove?  
 Who now in SALA's cooling shades reclin'd,  
 Me in this dreary mountain calls to mind?  
 How shall I know are still the myrtles green?  
 Is in its usual place the lotos seen?  
 Spring yet the tamarisks on the sunny hill?  
 Do these unlucky eyes or winter kill?  
 Are still the sweet ALEGIAN damsels kind?  
 Or are my vows committed to the wind?  
 Do now the wanton deer and skipping fawns,  
 Their hunter absent, scamper through the lawns?

Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,  
 Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum ?  
 Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,  
 Ah ! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis ?  
 Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri,  
 Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi ?  
 Forsan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos  
 Absentis Solimæ commeminisse juvat.  
 Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis  
 Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro ;  
 Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,  
 Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.



Shall I behold the charming shades again,  
 Where gay NOAMA\* leads the airy train ?

Does now o'er DAREG's banks th' arbutus spread ?  
 Spot often moisten'd by the tears I shed !

In AMRUS' grot, who since my absence dwell ?  
 Grot to the shepherdesse known so well !

Perhaps they who to MECCA's vale return,  
 Have thought of SOLIMA with soft concern !

May the time come, in which the happy night,  
 Shall to the whole assembly give delight,  
 In which the youths shall tender vows impart,  
 While soothing Music cheers each happy heart.

\* Arabian writers inform us that *Noama* was the name of one of the daughters of  
 Amri.





## FABULA PERSICA.

*Pulcherrimam fabellam Persicam De Modestiae laudibus citat Chardinus\*—  
—sed legi eam nuperrimè in Sadii opere perfectissimo, quod  
Bustan seu Hortus inscribitur—*

POES: ASIAT: COMMENT:

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Perfidis,  
E nube in æquor lapsa pluviae guttula est;  
Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui fineret pudor,  
“ Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei misella sum?  
“ Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam sentio?  
Cùm se verecundanti animulâ sperneret,  
Illam recepit gemmeo concha in sinu;  
Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio;  
Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,  
Sibi non placere quanta fit virtus, docens.

\* Vide Chardin. Itin. Pers. vol. iii P. 189, 4to Amst.



## A PERSIAN FABLE.

CHARDIN quotes a very beautiful Persian Fable in praise of Modesty, but I have lately read the same in that most elegant work of SADI's which is called BUSTAN, or THE GARDEN.

ONCE when the clouds distill'd refreshing rains  
On fair IRANIA's soft luxuriant plains,  
A wasted drop was in the Ocean laid,  
When shame permitted, thus the stranger said—  
“ What place is this?—How direful was my doom,  
“ A Wretch!—A Nothing!—in the Sea to come!”  
While the self-scorner thus her sorrow tells,  
An Oyster clasp'd her in his glistening shells.  
By Time matur'd to pearl—Behold her now  
Shine in the diadem on KHOSROU's brow!  
Hence learn this moral—Virtue heavenly fair,  
Feeling calamity, should not despair.



## A D M U S A M.

VALE, Camena, blanda cultrix ingenî,  
 Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ!  
 Linquenda alumno est laurus et chelys tuo:  
 At tu dearum dulcium dulcissima,  
 Seu Suada mavis five Pitho dicier,  
 A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:  
 Mihi fit, oro, non inutilis toga,  
 Nec indiferta lingua, nec turpis manus.



## SIR WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

FAREWELL, O Muse! sweet former of the mind!  
 Parent of Eloquence and thought refin'd!  
 Your pupil now deserts his lov'd pursuit,  
 Nor wears the laurel more, nor strikes the lute!  
 Supreme of the sweet denizens in Heaven!  
 Whether it be to your fond votary given,  
 To gain applause by fair Persuasion's speech,  
 Or should strong Eloquence his words enrich,  
 Receiv'd in youth by you, he lives in you,  
 Beneath whose auspices the stripling grew.  
 Hence aiming at professional renown,  
 Let him with decency assume the Gown,  
 Appropriate language give him to command,  
 And spirit firm without a venal hand.





EBNO'L FAREDH I ELEGIA ARABICA  
METRO OVIDIANO, LATINE REDDITA.

*Inter poetas recentiores facile omnibus præstat Ebno'l Faredh, cujus elegans volumen in Academiæ bibliothecâ viamur: unam hujusce scriptoris elegiam, quæ imagines Arabum campestrium luculentè demonstrat, libet subungere.*

*Hoc poema versibus elegiacis reddere conati sumus, vel potius imitari, aliis sententiis paullulûm mutatis, aliis omnino reiectis, ita tamen ut elegiæ Arabicæ forma atque argumentum satis accuratè seruentur.*

POES: ASIAT: COMMENT.

FULGUR an é densâ vibratum nube coruscat ?

An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas ?

Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis ?

Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant ?

Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,

Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis ?

Quam juvat ah ! patrios memori tenuisse recessus

Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros ?

AN ARABIAN ELEGY FROM EBNO'L FAREDH.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN AFTER THE MANNER OF OVID.

EBNO'L FAREDH, whose elegant work is preserved in the Library at OXFORD, is certainly superior to all modern Poets. One Elegy by this writer, which plainly shews the pastoral life of the ARABIANS, is here annexed.

We have endeavoured to translate this Poem into Elegiac verse, or rather to imitate it, with some sentiments a little varied and others totally re-jected. Nevertheless, it is here presented in such a manner as to display with sufficient exactness both the subject and nature of the ARABIAN Elegy.

[ It requires indeed a variation from the original Arabian to adapt the wild and fanciful imagery of this Elegy to the European ear. ]

DOES lightening vibrate in th' ætherial space ?

Or is unveil'd young LEILA's beauteous face ?

Does fire in yonder GADHA \* arbours flame ?

Or is it SOLIMA's bright eyes that beam ?

Do scents on air from MECCA's violets move ?

Or fragrances from HAGAR's spikenard grove ?

Or is it AZZA comes—a lovely fair—

Diffusing odours from her floating hair ?

How pleasing is the retrospective view,

When Fancy images past days anew,

While I, an exile, stray through foreign fields,

And pensive, know the joys which memory yields ?

\* A species of *Ej* or *Tamarisk*, used as fire-wood by the Arabians

Valle sub umbrosâ, p[ro]p[ter] ubi luget amator,  
 Num colit affuctos mollis amica lares?  
 Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur  
 Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ?  
 An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,  
 Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, sitim?  
 Quot mea felices vidistis gaudia, campi,  
 Gaudia væ! misero non renovanda mihi?  
 Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut pascua Tudæ  
 Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?  
 Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,  
 "Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit?"  
 Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?  
 Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?  
 Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?  
 Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!  
 An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ  
 Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?  
 An viridem saliant, nullo venante, per hortum  
 Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?

Still does the charmer in that valley keep,  
 Where her despairing swain was wont to weep?  
 Now does loud thunder through the mountains roar?  
 And look they greener from the sprinkling shower?  
 Ah! when, as formerly, at dawning day,  
 Shall AZIB's limpid stream my thirst allay?  
 Sweet plains which saw what bliss I could attain  
 Ah! shall I ever know such bliss again?  
 What youths now sing the hopes and fears of love,  
 At TUDÆ's pasture ground and NAGED's grove?  
 Who now in SALA's cooling shades reclin'd,  
 Me in this dreary mountain calls to mind?  
 How shall I know are still the myrtles green?  
 Is in its usual place the lotos seen?  
 Spring yet the tamarisks on the sunny hill?  
 Do these unlucky eyes or winter kill?  
 Are still the sweet ALEGIAN damsels kind?  
 Or are my vows committed to the wind?  
 Do now the wanton deer and skipping fawns,  
 Their hunter absent, scamper through the lawns?



Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,  
 Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum ?  
 Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,  
 Ah ! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis ?  
 Grata quis antra colit nobis absentibus, Amri,  
 Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi ?  
 Forſan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos.  
 Absentis Solimæ commeminiffe juvat.  
 Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis  
 Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro ;  
 Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,  
 Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.



Shall I behold the charming shades again,  
 Where gay NOAMA\* leads the airy train ?

Does now o'er DAREG's banks th' arbutus spread ?  
 Spot often moisten'd by the tears I shed !

In AMRUS' grot, who since my absence dwell ?  
 Grot to the shepherdesses known so well !

Perhaps they who to MECCA's vale return,  
 Have thought of SOLIMA with soft concern !

May the time come, in which the happy night,  
 Shall to the whole assembly give delight,  
 In which the youths shall tender vows impart,  
 While soothing Music cheers each happy heart.

\* Arabian writers inform us that *Noama* was the name of one of the daughters of *Amri*.



## FABULA PERSICA.

*Pulcherrimam fabellam Persicam De Modestiae laudibus citat Chardinus\*—  
—sed legi eam nuperrime in Sadii opere perfectissimo, quod  
Bustan seu Hortus inscribitur—*

POES: ASIAT: COMMENT:

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Perfidis,  
E nube in æquor lapsa pluviae guttula est;  
Quæ, cum reluctans eloqui sineret pudor,  
“ Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei misella sum?  
“ Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam sentio?”  
Cum se verecundanti animulâ sperneret,  
Illam recepit gemmeo concha in sinu;  
Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio;  
Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,  
Sibi non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.

\*—Vide Chardin. Itin. Pers. vol. iii P. 189, 4to Amst.



## A PERSIAN FABLE.

CHARDIN quotes a very beautiful Persian Fable in praise of Modesty, but  
I have lately read the same in that most elegant work of SADI's which is  
called BUSTAN, or THE GARDEN.

ONCE when the clouds distill'd refreshing rains  
On fair IRANIA's soft luxuriant plains,  
A wasted drop was in the Ocean laid,  
When shame permitted, thus the stranger said—  
“ What place is this?—How direful was my doom,  
“ A Wretch!—A Nothing!—in the Sea to come!”  
While the self-scorner thus her sorrow tells,  
An Oyster clasp'd her in his glistening shells.  
By Time matur'd to pearl—Behold her now  
Shine in the diadem on KHOSROU's brow!  
Hence learn this moral—Virtue heavenly fair,  
Feeling calamity, should not despair.



## A D M U S A M.

VALE, Camena, blanda cultrix ingeni,  
 Virtutis alatrix, mater eloquentiæ!  
 Linquenda alumno est laurus et chelys tuo:  
 At tu dearum dulcium dulcissima,  
 Seu Suada mavis five Pitho dicier,  
 A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:  
 Mihi fit, oro, non inutilis toga,  
 Nec indiferta lingua, nec turpis manus.



## SIR WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

FAREWELL, O Muse! sweet former of the mind!  
 Parent of Eloquence and thought refin'd!  
 Your pupil now deserts his lov'd pursuit,  
 Nor wears the laurel more, nor strikes the lute!  
 Supreme of the sweet denizens in Heaven!  
 Whether it be to your fond votary given,  
 To gain applause by fair Persuasion's speech,  
 Or should strong Eloquence his words enrich,  
 Receiv'd in youth by you, he lives in you,  
 Beneath whose auspices the stripling grew.  
 Hence aiming at professional renown,  
 Let him with decency assume the Gown,  
 Appropriate language give him to command,  
 And spirit firm without a venal hand.





---

# PART THE SECOND.

---

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS

OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS

OF THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

1799.

Permit these lines by you to live—nor blame  
A Muse that pants and languishes for fame,  
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,  
Lost in the mafs of mean forgotten things.  
Receiv'd by you I prophecy my rhymes,  
The praise of Virgins in fucceeding times:  
Mix'd with your works their life no bounds fhall know,  
But ftand protected as inspir'd by you.

TICKELL.

THE THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.



TO SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

MAY I be permitted to have the honour of presenting to you the following Literary Characteristics of Men who have spent a large portion of their lives in exploring the Learning of Asia?

You, SIR, raised to an eminent situation by your eloquence and abilities can justly judge how I have accomplished what I have undertaken.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

Cuttack, May 10th, 1800.

M

---

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS  
OF THE  
MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS  
OF THE  
ASIATIC SOCIETY.

1799.

---

BRITANNIA'S GENIUS eager to explore  
The mystic mines of ASIATIC LORE,  
With smiles benign accomplish'd JONES address'd,  
And bid him trace the records of the East.

He came—the heavenly GOPHA round him flew,  
His presence every son of LEARNING drew :  
Then first, (1) YE SCHOLARS! met at his command,  
The Father of the literary band !  
He came—his presence cast a blaze more bright,  
Than emanations from the solar light !  
For every Art and every Science known,  
Were all concentr'd in himself alone !  
But see, too soon ! his soul of meekness move,  
To mix with Seraphs in the realms above !  
Whene'er with censers by his sacred shrine,  
At rosy dawn I pensively recline,

---

(1) On January the 15th, 1784, the Asiatic Society was instituted.

Where the tall column towering to the skies,  
 Says "HERE THE SAGE ONCE ANIMATED LIES,"  
 I think the Zephyrs, murmuring as they blow,  
 Cry "WHAT A STORE OF LEARNING SLEEPS BELOW."  
 The world admires the wonderful talents given,  
 To this distinguish'd favourite of Heaven;  
 For him in EARTHAM's academic bowers,  
 Poetic sorrow tuneful HAYLEY pours;  
 And manly MAURICE makes the tidings flow,  
 THAMES! to thy Nymphs in elegies of woe!  
 GANGA, for him, with drooping head appears,  
 For him ev'n holy PUNDITS (2) shed their tears!  
 CRISHNA for him wail'd MATRA's groves among,  
 And his romantic grot with cypresses hung;  
 Alive!—we prais'd the path sublime he trod;—  
 Dead!—LEARNING HAILS HIM AS HER DEMI-GOD!

To BURROW gone, be everlasting fame,  
 With ARCHIMEDES, Muse! arrange his name;  
 He near the SYRACUSAN shall be seen,  
 Except great NEWTON's self may step between.

FLORA and her attendant handmaids mourn  
 Still o'er lamented KÆNIG's early urn! (3)

On you, O! RICHARDSON, the Muse bestows  
 (It grew near HAFIZ' tomb) a SHIRAZ rose.  
 As much you merit (for your well spent hours,)  
 Of fragrant ARABY the balmy flowers; (4)

(2) See the Asiatic Researches. vol. 4th, page 183.

(3) Dr. Kœnig was a disciple of the great Linnæus. He died shortly after the institution of the Society, in consequence of the Hill Fever, caught when he was in pursuit of Botanical Researches on the Coast of Coromandel.

(4) The late Sir John Richardson, author of the Persian Dictionary and Arabic Grammar.

TO SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

MAY I be permitted to have the honour of presenting to you the following Literary Characteristics of Men who have spent a large portion of their lives in exploring the Learning of Asia?

You, SIR, raised to an eminent situation by your eloquence and abilities can justly judge how I have accomplished what I have undertaken.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

Calcutta, May 10th, 1800.

M

---

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS  
OF THE  
MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS  
OF THE  
ASIATIC SOCIETY.  
1799.

---

BRITANNIA'S GENIUS eager to explore  
The mystic mines of ASIATIC LORE,  
With smiles benign accomplish'd JONES address'd,  
And bid him trace the records of the East.

He came—the heavenly GOPHA round him flew,  
His presence every son of LEARNING drew :  
Then first, (1) YE SCHOLARS! met at his command,  
The Father of the literary band!  
He came—his presence cast a blaze more bright,  
Than emanations from the solar light!  
For every Art and every Science known,  
Were all concentr'd in himself alone!  
But see, too soon! his soul of meekness move,  
To mix with Seraphs in the realms above!  
Whene'er with censers by his sacred shrine,  
At rosy dawn I pensively recline,

---

(1). On January the 15th, 1784, the Asiatic Society was instituted.



Where the tall column towering to the skies,  
 Says " HERE THE SAGE ONCE ANIMATED LIES,"  
 I think the Zephyrs, murmuring as they blow,  
 Cry " WHAT A STORE OF LEARNING SLEEPS BELOW."  
 The world admires the wonderous talents given,  
 To this distinguish'd favourite of Heaven ;  
 For him in EARTHAM's academic bowers,  
 Poetic sorrow tuneful HAYLEY pours ;  
 And manly MAURICE makes the tidings flow,  
 THAMES ! to thy Nymphs in elegies of wo !  
 GANGA, for him, with drooping head appears,  
 For him ev'n holy PUNDITS (2) shed their tears !  
 CRISHNA for him wail'd MATRA's groves among,  
 And his romantic grot with cypress hung ;  
 Alive !—we prais'd the path sublime he trod ;—  
 Dead !—LEARNING HAILS HIM AS HER DEMI-GOD !

To BURROW gone, be everlasting fame,  
 With ARCHIMEDES, Muse ! arrange his name ;  
 He near the SYRACUSAN shall be seen,  
 Except great NEWTON's self may step between.

FLORA and her attendant handmaids mourn  
 Still o'er lamented KÆNIG's early urn ! (3)

On you, O ! RICHARDSON, the Muse bestows  
 (It grew near HAFIZ' tomb) a SHIRAUZ rose.  
 As much you merit (for your well spent hours,)  
 Of fragrant ARABY the balmy flowers ; (4)

(2) See the Asiatic Researches. vol. 4th, page 183.

(3) Dr. Kœnig was a disciple of the great Linnæus. He died shortly after the institution of the Society, in consequence of the Hill Fever, caught when he was in pursuit of Botanical Researches on the Coast of Coromandel.

(4) The late Sir John Richardson, author of the Persian Dictionary and Arabic Grammar.

Though in the grave your lifeless body's laid,  
 Poetic honours at your shrine be paid.

Where are they with congenial talents born,  
 That ERUDITION's splendid list adorn ?  
 The brilliant train the name of SHORE might boast,  
 Were not the Scholar in the Statesman lost.

Now warriors burn, (5) each man of letters warms,  
 And all the ARTS shall prosper like our ARMS,  
 Beneath the auspice of a Chief refin'd,  
 Of steady judgement and enlighten'd mind.  
 O ! MORNINGTON, may you again rehearse,  
 To listening INDIA more VIRGILIAN verse ; (6)  
 You who in learning classical excel,  
 Will patronise the ARTS you love so well.  
 They in return will summon every power,  
 To crown the man and dignify him more.  
 To canvas PAINTING will your semblance give,  
 While'er a MUSE is lov'd your praise will live,  
 Fair HISTORY's pen shall faithfully display,  
 Th' unequall'd glory of your prosperous sway !

FLEMING ! (7) acknowledg'd Scholar, tell us why  
 Are your remarks hid from the public eye ?  
 What in your life of science gain'd, impart  
 With such compliance as you favour Art :

(5) This poem was written nearly about the period of the conquest of Mysore.

(6) See his Lordship's elegant Latin Poem on the threatened Invasion, with a Version of it in one of my former Publications ; also his Ode to the Oak, (translated by Dr. Hunter) which shews from his early youth a noble spirit of patriotic pride.

(7) Dr. John Fleming, 1st Vice President of the Asiatic Society.

Come let your Modesty be now subdu'd,  
And mental treasures ope for general good.

Come HARRINGTON (8) and bring with you the LOVES  
That gently sport in PERSIA's scented groves;  
Soft songs to soul-alluring girls impart,  
And trill with melting extacy my heart.  
The pomp of thought in modern mode rehearse,  
Of EASTERN bards (9) and give us all their verse,  
Whose pregnant fancy shines more pleasing  
Than the mild lustre of yon morning star!  
The BRITISH FAIR shall then your praise proclaim,  
And with soft gratitude pronounce your name;—  
By them a pleasing meed shall be prefer'd,  
The beauteous NOOREE—FANCY's favourite bird!  
CHAMPAC, (10) with intermingled Roses plac'd—  
Harmonious OVID of the GENIAL EAST!

Come forward ye, whom rosy FLORA loves,  
Whose labours all that blooming Queen approves:  
See ROXBURGH first the high assembly grace,  
To him just judgement gives a prior place.  
ROXBURGH! for you the long hair'd GOPIA spread,  
IND's odorous NARD (11) to deck your honour'd head.  
Go, favour'd man, the blue-ey'd Goddess greet,  
Go, lay JONESIA (12) sprigs before her feet!  
At her command bright BUREA (13) buds unfold,  
Whose vivid pigment vies with burnish'd gold,

(8) Mr. John Herbert Harrington, 2d Vice President of the Asiatic Society.

(9) His elegantly tender Translations are in the Asiatic Miscellany.

(10) Michelia Champaca.

(11) Valeriana Jatamansi.—See A. R. vol. 4th, page 433.

(12) The Ruffuk of the Bengalese.—See A. R. vol. the 4th, page 355.

(13) Butca Superba. The Tiga Maduga of the Gentoos. See A. R. v. the 3d, page 469.

Go, studiously explore the flowery fields,  
And taste the bliss the pleasing study yields!

In zealous ANDERSON (14) we see conjoin'd,  
To skill profound, a persevering mind.  
SON OF THE SWEDE! The POWERS of VERSE present,  
To you all luscious fruit of fragrant scent,  
Or aught in Nature pleasing to your sight,  
Say will ALPHONSO MANGOES give delight?  
On yon as giddy garden Nymphs have smil'd,  
And FLORA ranks you as a darling child:

Next comes a votary of equal powers,  
Adorn'd with D, HAWRY and MORINDA flowers! (15)  
FLORA emits on him her musky breath,  
And bids MALAVIAN shepherds twine his wreath!  
But not the garden only claims his care,  
Each Muse for HUNTER myrtle sprigs prepare,  
He pleases when he treads their laurel bower, (16)  
Or when we join him in the instructive Tour. (17)  
Behold him Learning's every path pursue,  
He shew'd the force of the Mechanic's Screw: (18)  
Explain'd by him, we see its power increas'd,  
It makes elastic bodies more compress'd.

(14) Dr. James Anderson, of Madras.

(15) The Aal of Malwâ, where it is cultivated to a great extent—the Atchy of Oude—See A. R. vol. 4th, pages 35 and 42.—D, hawry is a shrub, which grows wild in the hills and on the banks of Rivulets,—the flowers are of a beautiful red colour. (Grisea Tomentosa, Roxb.)

(16) See his very tender and affecting Poem of "The Spanish Husband."

(17) Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Oujein, in the 6th vol. of the A. R.

(18) His Essay "On a new Method of applying the Screw" was presented to the Royal Society of London, by Lieutenant General Melville, in the year 1780, and published in the 71st volume of the Philosophical Transactions.—There is an abstract from it in the Encyclopædia Britannica, vol. the 10th, part the 2d, page 742.



Labour's rough sons may now with manual ease,  
 A mighty mass of ponderous matter raise,  
 Which in a dark unletter'd age would foil  
 The common impetus of human toil.  
 Th' ingenious man in this refin'd pursuit  
 The nice Micrometer made more minute,  
 The index turn'd to cause its fall or rise  
 Will take the smallest measurement precise.  
 His hours are now (19) to heighten COMMERCE given,  
 And now (20) to trace th' expanse of starry firmament.

HARDWICKE! to you we give a double crown,  
 Who made the little MELOE (21) our own,  
 Who boldly dar'd adventurously to go,  
 And cut the BOORANSS (22) from the mountain brow.  
 The renovating Queen allows your fame,  
 And bids LINNÆUS chronicle each name.

So GREAT YOUR HONOURS! men of kindred powers,  
 Who know the gaudy progeny of flowers!

Peculiar favours be to FRANKLIN paid,  
 Ye SHIRAUZ girls fix chaplets round his head; (23)  
 And maids of DELHI, cull to deck his brow,  
 The sweetest sprigs in SHALIMAR that grow!

(19) See his account of Pegu, chap. the 8th.

(20) Alluding to the three papers of Astronomical Observations, in the A. R. and one on the Astronomical labours of Jayasingha.

(21) By this discovery (says Dr. Munro) Captain Hardwicke has certainly made a most useful addition to our Asiatic Materia Medica.—The Meloë Cichorei, described by Captain H. is found in Bengal, Bahar and Orissa, and possesses all the blistering qualities of the Cantharides.—See A. R. vol. the 5th, page 231.

(22) A large and beautiful tree discovered by this gentleman, in the mountains near Sirinagur.

(23) This gentleman has published a pleasing account of his Tour to Persia.

HISTORY, all seeing, palm crown'd Queen, commands,  
 This mark of Merit at your tender hands.  
 His faithful pen records the painful strife  
 Of MODERN PRIAM'S (24) variegated life.  
 Unhappy Monarch! pre-ordain'd to feel  
 The dire extremities of human ill.  
 I read—and issue sympathizing sighs—  
 Compassion's pearls float trembling in mine eyes;  
 Imperial miseries our hearts impress  
 As much as BEAUTY in extreme distress;  
 A fight which takes the finer passions roll,  
 Which, while a man can feel, must touch his soul.  
 Successive ills conspir'd to overwhelm,  
 This hoary remnant of his plunder'd realm,  
 Who, when he pays th' inevitable debt,  
 THE SUN OF TIMUR shall for ever set.

Merit's gold medal is to GLADWIN due.  
 Who gave imperial ACKBAR to our view,  
 His prudent laws—his sentiments on things—  
 This living portrait of THE FIRST OF KINGS. (25)

(24) Captain Franklin has lately obliged the world, with an account of the life of the present Emperor, Shah Allum, whom I have styled the modern Priam. I thought, when I wrote the following lines, that there was a similitude in the destiny of the Trojan and Mogul Monarch.

Where DELHI smiles on JUMNA's holy flood,  
 SHAH ALLUM reigns—a second Priam he—  
 His counterpart in kingly misery!  
 Both broke with sorrows—bow'd with weight of years—  
 Both truly venerable with silver hairs—  
 Both doom'd alike—so heaven's severe decree,  
 Their kingdom's fall and children's end to see.

(25) The Ayeen Ackbery, translated by Mr. Francis Gladwin. His name (says Colonel Dow) lives and will ever live the glory of the House of TIMUR, and an example of renown to the Kings of the world.



PERSIA! thy lore was early GLADWIN's care,  
The GRACES saw—and bad him PERSEVERE. (26)

GILCHRIST with Odes conveying tender truth,  
Smoothes the rough path of Science for our youth;  
INDIA to him such commendation owes,  
As on her JOHNSON, ENGLAND now bestows,  
While he in ASIAN Learning dives so deep,  
Ye Scribblers o'er your *Moorish* *Fargon* sleep,  
Long since your treatises neglected lie,  
And ere yourselves are dead, your *grammars* *die* (27)  
Unlike those works of universal praise,  
Which more than emulate meridian rays,  
Stamp'd with the signet of immortal fame;  
Such bear a GILCHRIST's or KIRKPATRICK's name;  
Or such fair TOMES as SCIENCE now demands,  
From BLAQUIERE's one, and one from FORSTER's hands.  
Poetic eyes with pleasure can survey,  
Of the PURE HINDEE tongue the rising day!  
The youths assembled!—THE LYCEUM FRAM'D!—(28)  
And to preside o'er these a GILCHRIST nam'd!

(26) Mr. Gladwin projected the Asiatic Miscellany, in which many elegant little productions are preserved from the fate attendant on fugitive publications.—He still continues his plan on a smaller scale, under the title of the Oriental Miscellany. The first volume of which has been lately published.

(27) I here allude to Hadley and Fergusson.

(28) The good—the persevering GLADWIN, thus concludes the Preface to the late edition of his Persian Moonshée, “With these improvements I presume to hope, that the book may be used with advantage in the Oriental Seminary, lately established by Government at this Presidency, under the superintendence of Mr. GILCHRIST, so eminently distinguished by his laborious and useful publications on the Hindoostany language.”

“The great encouragement which Oriental Literature now experiences under the auspices of the Earl of MORNINGTON, by exciting a general spirit of emulation, cannot fail of effecting its rapid advancement; and we may reasonably promise ourselves, that the influence of his Lordship's patronage, will form an illustrious epoch in the History of Learning in this Country, like what the MEDICI accomplished in Italy through their Munificence, Erudition and Taste.”

Patron of ASIA's long neglected lore,  
Like the fam'd MEDICI in days of yore,  
O MORNINGTON! yourself of ARTS the grace,  
Encourage LEARNING with a fond embrace,  
Cherish her toilsome sons—a drooping train!  
And call the days of LEO o'er again!  
Go, be his favour, GILCHRIST! your reward—  
Enjoy the honours which you earn'd so hard,  
Or when you por'd in Study's orient bowers,  
Or fix'd the pauses of the fleeting HOURS. (29)

He who endeavours well deserves applause,  
More if he labours in the public cause;  
BALFOUR! observer nice, then come receive,  
The just encomiums, which the MUSES give.  
Early you learn'd and op'd the precious store,  
Of knowledge chronicled in PERSIAN lore. (30)  
Whenever Fever in his baneful chace,  
Shall dull the bloom on BEAUTY's lovely face,  
Be yours the bliss,—O scientific sage!  
To check the progress of his savage rage—  
To sooth the Fair—alleviate her pain—  
And bring her smiles and dimples back again.  
Pleasure refin'd the feeling man must know  
Who eases mortals on the bed of woe.

(29) Alluding to his paper on Horometry in the 5th vol. of the A. R. to which is affixed an Hindoostanee Horal Diagram.

(30) Dr. Francis Balfour was one of the first in this country, who endeavoured to facilitate the study of the Persian language, by the publication of the *Infha-y-Herkern*, with an English translation.—He is also the author of a paper in the A. R. on the introduction of Arabic into Persian, and has laboured in the improvement of his own profession by several treatises, wherein he illustrates the influence of the Moon in Fevers.

Hear SCOTT in modest words the power impart,  
 Of NITRIC ACID in the healing art.  
 Ye giddy youths, who spend nocturnal hours,  
 In sensual pleasure's fascinating bowers,  
 Whose limbs enfeebled, scarcely can sustain  
 Your bodies, half consum'd with rooted pain,  
 Hear SCOTT a milder remedy proclaim, (31)  
 Than that strong metal (32) which impairs the frame!  
 Rejoice, ye youths who tread in folly's round;  
 Ye men of riot, hear the silver sound!  
 The NITRIC ACID will your strength restore,  
 And kill *that* subtle poison's direful power.

But deep learn'd men—ye sage Physicians say,  
 What can the Asthma's smothering pain allay?  
 Say, what can ease me by its might oppress'd,  
 This slow consuming tyrant of my breast?  
 Whene'er yon golden Sun shall next embrace,  
 The Heavenly Lion in his annual race,  
 And watery monsoons cover every plain,  
 With copious torrents of descending rain,  
 Faint and afflicted then, in torture dire,  
 I'll catch for breath and scarcely shall respire.  
 But should a peeping Sun one hour make fair,  
 I'll pant and labour then in steamy air.  
 Ye Sages say, when I those pangs endure,  
 What from the Mines or from the Fields can cure?

(31) Dr. Helenus Scott's paper on the use of the Nitric Acid, with an account of the success attendant on it, is to be found in the 2d vol. of Dr. Peddoes's Collection of Medical Cases, and Observations on Fæstitious Air, published at Bristol in the year 1796.

(32) Mercury.

WILFORD! to you be most exalted praise,  
 You great Mythologist of modern days! (33)  
 To public view the truth your labour brings,  
 And clears th' obscure from antiquated things.  
 In vain has scythe-arm'd Time consign'd to dust,  
 The letter'd stone and imitative bust:  
 Your piercing eyes with nice exactness pore,  
 Each venerable record o'er and o'er;  
 Whether your write of mystic SAMOTHRACE,  
 Or at the farns of NILE Papyrus place.

MARSDEN! your work the tedious beguiles,  
 Which speaks SUMATRA Queen of SUNDA Isles!  
 A work which pleasure exquisite affords,  
 Wrote with such ready energy of words!  
 How can SUMATRA's Nymphs your brows adorn?  
 What their Historian give in just return?  
 Will dark green TANJONG give to him delight?  
 Or SANDAL MALLAM—Harlot of the Night? (34)  
 Or may they MANGUSTEEN, of grateful scent,  
 Or their own favourite DOOREAN present?  
 Or in soft whispers may he be address'd,  
 By girls who lisp th' Italian of the East? (35)  
 Go, ye Brunettes, if children of the LOVES,  
 Bestow him from CANANGO scented groves,

(33) See the 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th volumes of the A. R. for the labours of this great Mythologist.

(34) So called from the circumstance of its blowing only at that time.

(35) "The Malay language has been celebrated, and justly, for the smoothness and sweetness of its sound, which have gained it the appellation of the Italian of the East. This is owing to the prevalence of vowels and liquids in the words, and the infrequency of any harsh combination of mute consonants.—These qualities render it well adapted to Poetry, which the Malays are passionately addicted to."

See Marsden's History of Sumatra.



Your far fam'd ARGOS pheasant—first in place  
For beauteous plumes, of all the feathery race.  
Then shall your MARSDEN reassume the pen,  
And charm us with expression's flow again,  
In study's bower, the polish'd work extend,  
And bring his splendid volumes to an end. (36)

See patient WILKINS to the world unfold,  
Whate'er discover'd SANSKRIT relicks hold; (37)  
But he perform'd a yet more noble part,  
He gave to ASIA typographic art. (38)

The great Translator of the HINDU Laws,  
Succeeded him and mighty his applause!  
IND's modern BLACKSTONE (39) in dark SANSKRIT veil'd (40)  
Just Commentator, might have lain concealed,  
If COLEBROOKE's knowledge had not given such light,  
As brought the venerable Code to fight:  
Obscur'd no more the sacred volume lies,  
Or to vernacular, or alien eyes.  
COLEBROOKE in plain familiar ENGLISH dress'd,  
The Jurisprudence of the gentle East.

(36) This gentleman has promised the public a continuation of his most valuable History of Sumatra.

(37) See the 1st vol. A. R.—“Mr. Wilkins,” says Sir WILLIAM JONES, “by decyphering and explaining the old Sanscrit Inscriptions lately found in these provinces, has performed more than any other European has learning enough to accomplish, or than any Asiatick had industry enough to undertake.”

(38) To this celebrated Sanscrit Scholar, Asia is indebted for the preparation of types, for the Oriental Languages.

(39) Jagannāt'ha Tercapanchānana.—This Commentator's voluminous work, has been translated by Mr. Henry T. Colebrooke, at the desire of the late Governor General, Sir John Shore.

(40) “The Hindue and Mussulman laws are locked for the most part in two very difficult languages, Sanscrit and Arabick, which few Europeans will ever learn, because neither of them leads to any advantage in worldly pursuits.”

Sir William Jones, to the Supreme Council

Our Sires misled by prejudice or pride, (41)  
Thought INDIA's sons to Letters unall'd,  
Till JONES arose, bright Sun! and beam'd such day,  
As drove the superficial mist away.  
Men more enlighten'd since can plainly trace,  
IND's old progenitors a letter'd race,  
When BRITONS were——(now lords of science deem'd)  
By JULIAN ROME (42) a barbarous race esteem'd,  
But BRITAIN now, monastic darkness pass'd,  
Learn'd's fix'd polar star shall ever last.

Another COLEBROOKE next inspires the lays,  
Whole various talents claim distinguish'd praise,  
Whose mental power pre-eminent appears,  
Or when he studies the bespangled spheres, (43)  
Or in description's faithful words portrays,  
You neighbouring Islands, people, and their ways. (44)  
Now see him to unfulfill'd white impart,  
The grandest views for imitative art,  
O'er the wove sheet see HYDER's dome expand;  
Work of the pencil in his master hand!  
Nature's stupendous scenes he gave to fight,  
Exciting awful, but extreme delight! (45)

Whoe'er expounds the sacred SANSKRIT tongue,  
Which to the world has been abstruse so long,

(41) Barbarous Ganges. POPE.

(42) Visam Britannos hospitibus feros.. HORACE.

And another writer says,——Toto divisos orbe Britannos.

(43) Alluding to Captain Robert H. Colebrooke's Astronomical Observations in

the 4th vol. A. R.

(44) See his description of Nancowry, Comarty, and the Andaman Islands—A. R.

vol. 4th.

(45) The six latter lines allude to his views in Myfore, most of which are awfully

grand, but the Mausoleum of Hyder, pleases me most.



And perseveres in such industrious toil,  
Of Science surely will deserve the smile:  
HINDEE, laborious GILCHRIST has made known—  
By whom can SANSKRIT equally be shown?  
A work immense—but if I justly view,  
The task, O BLAQUIERE! is reserv'd for you. (46)

PHILOLOGERS! one language yet remains,  
BENGAL! the language of thy passive swains.  
Hearken, O FORSTER! (47) and your work display  
And add a star to LEARNING'S MILKY WAY.  
Your perseverance henceforth shall produce,  
Some great Thesaurus for scholastic use;  
Then shall your soul that conscious pleasure feel,  
Which conscious merit ought not to conceal,  
When Fame on topaz-tinctur'd wings shall tower,  
To found you worthy of the smiles of POWER.

In yonder Empire where the BURMAS reign,  
Lies an extensive populous domain,  
On which Inquiry's dawn has seldom shone,  
Their learning, language, and their ways scarce known:  
Return, BUCHANAN! to their regions go,  
Explore whatever BURMA Sages know!

(46) Mr. William Coates Blaquiére, a profound Sanscrit Scholar. He has presented to the public in the 5th vol. A. R. a translation of one of the Purans on the Sanguinary sacrifices of the Hindoos, and from him we may hope for a Dictionary of the Sanscrit language.

(47) Mr. Henry Pitts Forster,—To whom Mr. Gilchrist, in the Dedication of the Oriental Linguist, to Sir John Shore, thus alludes:—"The intended philological work of one gentleman alone, if finished on the grand scale, at present projected of an Oriental Thesaurus, must prove a stupendous literary monument in the Honourable Company's annals of the truth of this verse—

*"Sint Mæcenates non deerunt Flaccæ Marones."*

Mr. Forster is the supposed author of the Letters of Agricola, which display his knowledge in the finance of this country, and his abilities as a politician.

Remark what minerals their country yields,  
And, lovely study, read their flowery fields! (48)  
This page of Nature view'd with Learning's eye,  
Exhibits treasures—shall they hidden lie?

So long as stars shall twinkle in the night,  
And favour Mortals with their silvery light,  
So long, O studious DAVIS! (49) shall your name,  
Rank with those men of literary fame:  
Is there another spends inquiring hours,  
In sacred CASI'S (50) consecrated bowers?  
Yes—WILLIAMS! you—your praise is surely great—  
WILLIAMS!—men snatch'd from death your name repeat,  
You check the progress of envenom'd pain,  
And make the poison of the adder vain! (51)

Who are yon Maids array'd in heavenly white,  
Whose beauteous aspect shines divinely bright?  
Yes!—tis the lovely VIRTUES I behold  
(I know their tresses of loose floating gold)  
In sweet assemblage seated to proclaim,  
How much they reverence their KIRKPATRICK'S name!  
But first see CHASTITY—that blushing fair—  
The doves of INNOCENCE for him prepare.

(48) "Botany," says the great Father of the Society, "is the loveliest and most copious division in the History of Nature."—For this study Dr. Francis Buchanan is peculiarly adapted as well for ability as from inclination.

(49) Mr. Samuel Davis, author of a most valuable paper on Hindoo Astronomy. Mr. Davis (says Sir William Jones) of all men living is the best qualified to exhibit a copious and accurate History of Indian Astronomy.

(50) Cási—the ancient name of Benares.

(51) His remarks on the use of Caustic Alkali, against the bite of snakes, are published in the 2d vol A. R.

In ready concord all the sisters join,  
 To celebrate the man in songs divine  
 Whose genius plan'd the charitable dome—  
 Who bad th' ungarded houseless Orphan come. (52)  
 Eternal Echoes shall his name repeat,  
 In yon green groves round HOWRAH's sacred seat!  
 O man of sense refin'd!—how justly due,  
 The thanks of rising Virgins given to you!  
 Sweet blooming black ey'd girls, of shapely forms  
 Whose speaking looks my melting bosom warms:  
 To Virtue form'd by your paternal care,  
 And more, preserved from the Seducer's snare.  
 Could Mortals trace whence every matter springs,  
 And penetrate the secret source of things,  
 Or dive into Futurity's dark womb—  
 Or prophesy of people yet to come—  
 Hence, ASIAN's born, may rise of deathless fame,  
 To make States tremble at the BRITISH name!  
 Perhaps I owe from hence (in chaste embrace)  
 Two smiling Infants now before my face.  
 From lower origin and meaner birth,  
 Sprang the proud ROMANS—Rulers of the Earth!  
 KIRKPATRICK GONE TO CLIMES OUR ARMS SUBDU'D, (53)  
 WILL TEACH ANOTHER PEOPLE TO BE GOOD.

(52) Colonel Kirkpatrick was one of the most active promoters of the Bengal Orphan Institution. His example in India was followed by Lady Campbell, under whose patronage the Female Asylum at Madras was erected in 1787. Posterity will place their names on the list with that most humane and best of Women, the Lady ARABELLA DENNY, the Foundress of the Magdalen Asylum in Dublin.

(53) When this part of the Poem was written, Colonel Kirkpatrick was one of the Commissioners for managing the affairs of Mysore.

Then shall his God in holy radiance shed,  
 Perpetual blessings on his honour'd head,  
 Give him to slumber each revolving night,  
 Entranc'd in pleasing dreams of soft delight;  
 Then shall his years unknown to care be spent,  
 In one eternal round of true content.  
 And when the awful messenger of death,  
 Shall wave the flaming sword and snatch his breath,  
 On silver wings shall vigil angels fly,  
 And gently bear him to the Realms of Joy. (54)

FATHER OF INDIA! SAVIOUR OF THE EAST!  
 In what exalted class can you be plac'd!  
 HASTINGS! say do you now from toils of State,  
 Enjoy repose in your paternal seat?  
 Posterity your semblance shall behold,  
 (Like your own spotless self) in virgin gold!  
 The Medals mix'd with Roman coins shall lie,  
 Your face shall then catch each researcher's eye,  
 Who'll say (with thoughts of former times impress'd)  
 "BEHOLD THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF THE EAST!"  
 But yet you live,—yet shall your SOVEREIGN's ray,  
 Emblaze the eve of your declining day!  
 Although long since the wide ATLANTIC past  
 Your name yet trembles on each passing blast;  
 I hear it now,—it vibrates on my ear,  
 I hear it,—and I shed a pearly tear,—

(54) I might equally have celebrated Colonel Kirkpatrick as a great Orientalist, but I chose this more splendid part of his Character.



I can no more,—YE POWERS OF VERSE ! I find,  
That feelings exquisite impress my mind.



## PART THE THIRD.

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

WRITTEN IN

### THE EAST INDIES.

Whatever fortune my unpolish'd rhymes,  
May meet in present or in future times,  
Let the blest'd Art my grateful thoughts employ,  
Which sooths my sorrow and augments my joy,  
Whence lonely Peace and social Pleasure springs,  
And Friendship dearer than the smile of Kings!

HAYLEY.



TO WILLIAM HUNTER, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

PERMIT me to offer you the following little Poems?—It would give me great pleasure to find them approved of by such an accomplished Scholar and Orientalist, and One who has added more Literary Laurels to the Celebrated Name of *HUNTER*.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Calcutta, May 18th, 1800.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

WRITTEN IN

THE EAST INDIES.

THE PROSPECT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1791.

*During the former War with Tippoo.*

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

*I am induced to republish the following Poem as it has proved so truly prophetic of the glorious successes in India which have lately added such unfading lustre to the British name.*

FORGIVE a gentle Muse of simple power,  
Perhaps intruding on your private hour;  
Well pleas'd if she her hop'd reception find,  
A fair approval in your liberal mind;  
If while her lips with holy warmth apply'd,  
Salutes the spot where gallant MOORHOUSE died,\*  
She aims with zeal and feeling to relate,  
Her boding wishes for a Tyrant's fate;  
Thrice pleas'd if you,—she asks no other fame,  
Excuse her errors, and approve her theme.

\* The gallant, the lamented Moorhouse was killed at the storming of the Pettah of Bangalore, on the 7th of March 1791.

Soon in the pomp of terrible array,  
 Shall yon vast armies move their heavy way,  
 Beneath BRITANNIA's standard proud to join,  
 In justice' cause the deep embattled line.

FROM where CAMBAYA's ever verdant side,  
 Ingulphs the TEPTA and NARBUDDAH's tide,  
 To COMORIN's Cape, the men of MALABAR,  
 In proud array move forth to seek the war,  
 While COROMANDEL's numerous sons convene,  
 To swell the glories of the mighty scene.

O GLORIOUS pomp; with joy my eye surveys,  
 Yon columns lengthen, and yon armour blaze,  
 The glittering helm of INDIA's burnish'd gold—  
 The polish'd steel of BRITAIN's hardier mould—  
 The firm battalion—wide recursive horse,  
 Move on with dignity and sure impressive force.

Too long hath Tyranny, with iron hand,  
 Imperious rul'd the MYSOREAN land!  
 Too long her Monarch, once supremely great,  
 In bondage held, depriv'd of power and state,  
 In annual triumph mournfully displays,  
 Th' imperial pageant of three festive days.

At length on TIPPoo see the Fates impend,  
 And all his glories hastening to an end!  
 That boasted power, so long HINDOSTAN's shame,  
 No longer lives in his terrific name;  
 While vengeful Justice lends her powerful hand,  
 To scourge the Tyrant and to free the land;

Her rightful Monarch to his throne restore,  
 And make him great and happy as before.

GENIUS of BRITAIN! thy auspicious power,  
 On worlds remote, on every distant shore,  
 Bestow'st the blessings of thy fostering name,  
 And bind'st rude nations in the link of fame,  
 Make to emulate thy glorying strife,  
 Or court the arts of humanizing life.

Soon shall Oppression bend his stubborn head,  
 Soon shall a Tyrant number with the dead,  
 Soon 'venging War, which now erects his crest,  
 Restore HINDOSTAN to primæval rest;  
 Then shall fair FREEDOM bless these happy lands,  
 And SCIENCE tower beneath her genial hands,  
 PEACE know no foe, the ARTS meet no controul,  
 But BRITISH knowledge warm the INDIAN soul;  
 The sons of BRAHMA then, with pious care,  
 Their high Pagodas shall securely rear;  
 By her protected and by her refin'd,  
 Shall BRITAIN's name in BRAHMA's prayer be join'd:  
 Then shall the Universe, astonish'd, see,  
 Old ASIA's Kings to ENGLAND's bend the knee,  
 Proud of her sway—dependantly alli'd,  
 And take her delegated power with pride.

THIS just prediction of the Muse attend,  
 BRITANNIA's glories and the Tyrant's end,  
 PEACE and her smiling seraph train in view,  
 Will form new subjects to be sung for You.





ADDRESS  
TO  
LORD MORNINGTON.

*Written February 6th, 1800.*

WHILE choral Hymns of Gratitude proclaim  
Due adoration to th' ALMIGHTY NAME,  
With what delight our happy public view,  
That plant of Olive sown, my Lord, by You:  
Progressive years shall see the sprig increase  
A vernal monument of lasting Peace!

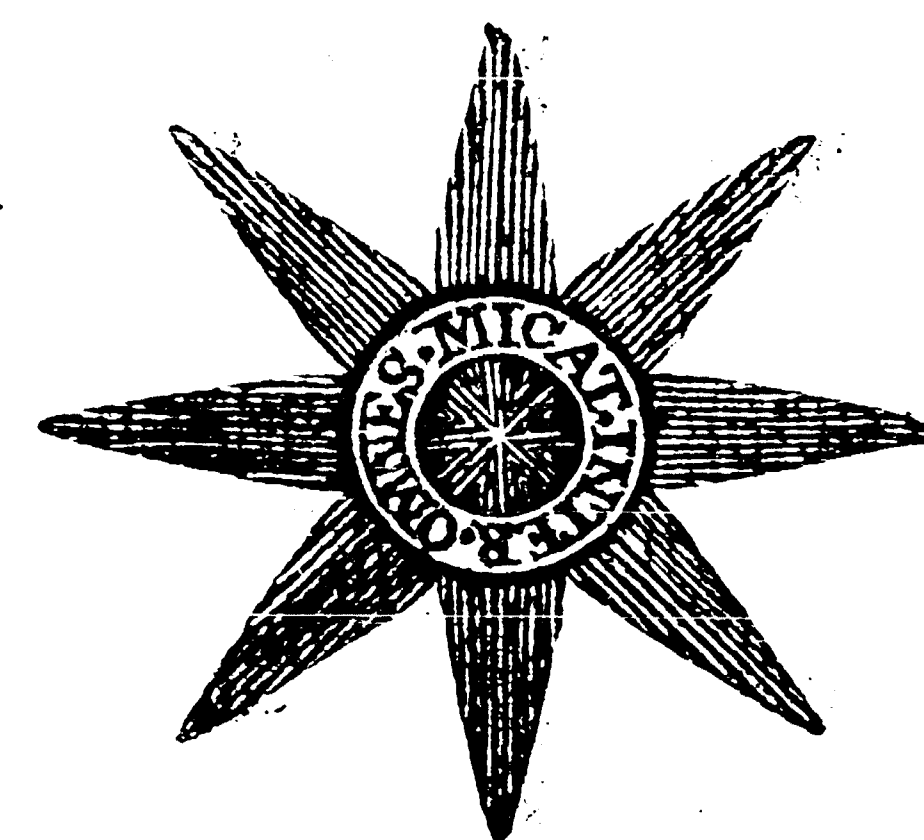
LONG in MYSORE had vain despotic Pride  
Made Desolation roll a fanguine tide—  
And Murder arm—and iron crested War  
Ravage whole regions on his scythe wheel'd car,  
Not ENGLAND's heroes could avert th' alarms,  
Not COOTE, nor MEADOWS, Chiefs renown'd in arms,  
Nor HE who toil'd, in foreign lands distress'd,  
To place COLUMBIA on her parent's breast!  
The POWER of Powers, my Lord, for You decreed,  
To right one King and make one Tyrant bleed!  
You frown'd—and ASIA, wondering, saw expire  
The Son more hostile than the hostile Sire!  
One hour o'erturn'd his mighty projects all!  
One hour beheld th' ambitious despot fall!

LONG, may You long the chair of Council grace,  
You great Præcursor of delightful Peace!

Borne on applause this deed through worlds shall fly,  
Till TULLY, LUCAS, and CAMILLUS die!

SULTAN! Ambition's victim, may'st thou find  
In death cessation for thy restless mind!  
But yet the dark—the close concealing grave  
Cannot thy name from imprecation save,  
Now though the Universe it loudly rings,  
A dreadful lesson to contentious Kings!

MAY You, my Lord, while in the sovereign seat,  
Still be in counsel fortunate and great,  
Still may such impulse fire your glowing blood,  
As swells in kingly breasts for public good,  
Which rais'd a SCIPIO's soul to patriot fire,  
And made a CHATHAM gloriously expire!



*VERSES on the Death of Captain ROBERT DAVIES, Aid de Camp to  
Right Honourable the Governor General, who fell in the late action  
between the Sybille and La Forte, February 28th, 1799.*

~~~~~  
INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN COOK.  
~~~~~

WHEN warriors perish, fir'd with patriot zeal,  
Contending nobly for the commonweal,  
The pitying Muses o'er their favourites fly,  
And waft their breath, like incense, to the sky:  
Round their departing souls they circling move,  
To see them reach the blissful realms above;  
Then with the trumpet of eternal praise,  
Wide o'er the universe their memories blaze.

WHILE heroes mourn, the Fair bestow the tear,  
Of genuine sorrow, DAVIES! o'er thy bier!  
Too early doom'd sublunar life to end!  
Too early snatch'd from each lamenting friend!  
Master of every soft alluring power!  
Polite enlivener of the social hour!  
Fitted to combat in the martial strife,  
Or grace the circle of convivial life!  
Could I his praise in equal strains rehearse,  
TYRTÆUS! could I emulate thy verse;  
Then should his name, at which I'll ever mourn,  
A watchword be for phalanxes unborn.  
Not to one sphere his talents were confin'd,  
A patriot ardour fill'd his active mind,  
A generous Chief THE SOLDIER can't delay,  
He courts thee, Glory! on the faithless sea,

When British Sybille spread her fluttering sails,  
In naval pomp before the wanton gales,  
He spurn'd the safety of the guarded port,  
To curb the pride of FRANCE in her *La Forte*.  
This towering vessel of superior size,  
Appear'd audaciously to brave the skies!  
That of less force, and lowly to the fight,  
Was yet most agile in the hour of fight.  
Both boldly dare the victor-wreath to gain,  
The battle's echo vibrates o'er the main,  
The night's illum'd as plays the living fire!  
The conquer'd Gauls in agony expire!  
Thou saw'st, BRITANNIA, Empress of the sea,  
The flag FRANCE, before the dawn of day,  
(That nation great in its own flowery style)  
Strike to a champion of thy little Isle,  
But dear earn'd conquest, the same breath must tell,  
How COOK was wounded and how DAVIES fell! \*

YET lives he in the sacred rolls of fame,  
For bright-ey'd POETRY embalms his name,  
In public and in private life approv'd,  
He fell lamented as he liv'd lov'd!

COOK, hear a pensive muse, these lines impart,  
Who loves the ardour of thy manly heart,  
Who joys, even while she twists this cypress wreath,  
Thou wear'st such laurels as he gain'd in death.

*Calcutta, April 1, 1799.*

*The gallant Cook did not long survive his victory, he died of his wound on the 23d of the  
succeeding May.*

\* These two lines are chiefly borrowed from Tickell.



## THE RIVER SIDE.

*I HAVE observed that 'The River Side' has become a fashionable walk in the cool of morning and evening for the polite gentry of Calcutta. The following lines were suggested to me by seeing it frequented by Gentlemen and Ladies, who at the head of the walk quitted their Palanquins to enjoy the breezes of health on this delightful spot. It has hitherto been known by the name of 'The Respondentia Walk' but we Poets, by the power vested in us, do by our poetica licencia cancel that name. Henceforward be it known by the name of THE HYGEIAN WALK, or The Walk of Health.*

YE who for health have every method try'd,  
Go court AURORA by 'The River Side !'  
Thither her modest charms your steps invite,  
When her first blushes streak the Heavens with light !

'Tis pleasant sure upon that airy walk,  
To pass these healthful hours in social talk,  
And softly fauntering mid the rising trees,  
To feel the fanning of the morning breeze.  
You who distemper know, if ease you seek,  
Come here let gentle AURA kiss your cheek.  
Ye gay on all the joys of life intent,  
Come here and sickness' dire approach prevent.  
For lovely Belles and airy Beaus now fam'd,  
'THE WALK HYGEIAN' be it henceforth nam'd.

O WHAT an ardour swells my every vein,  
Whene'er I look upon the level plain,  
And see yon proud, yon voluntary band,\*  
In pomp of Military order stand !  
THEY fraught with pure, with patriotic zeal,  
Would die or conquer for the commonweal !

\* The Calcutta Militia.

THEY big with sentiments of true renown,  
Desire the laurel—Glory's brightest crown !  
What martial spirit through each bosom runs,  
Fitted to curb the pride of GALLIA's sons,  
To charge that foe on the contended plain—  
Sure some TYRTÆUS sings to war again !

HERE turn ye Fair—see with the coming tide,  
A lofty vessel floats in stately pride !  
Smoothly she moves upon the crystal wave !  
Scarce your own gentle bosoms softer heave !  
Perhaps her packet open'd will disclose,  
How other NELSONS beat aspiring foes !  
Perhaps how BRITAIN's glories still encrease !  
Perhaps the news of universal Peace !  
Perhaps she letters brings your souls to move,  
By Friendship dictated or softer Love !  
She comes, ye Fair ! observe the ship with smiles,  
A beauteous Envoy from THE QUEEN OF ISLES !

As I on HUGLY's banks this morning stood,  
To see a thousand vessels press his flood,  
A sudden splendour blaz'd before my sight,  
When COMMERCE rose array'd in robes of light,  
She o'er CALCUTTA graceful stretch'd her hand,  
And thrice she o'er it wav'd her golden wand !  
"Hence," cry'd the Power, "this City shall receive,  
"All joys which I and Peace combin'd can give !  
"Here shall the ships of every State bestow,  
"The fairest produce that their people know !  
"Happy the golden hours shall fleet away,  
"Beneath your MORNINGTON's auspicious sway !"



She spoke—and quickly pierc'd the yielding skies,  
'Tis true!—I saw her with poetic eyes.

I, when no anodyne can sooth my pain,  
Will walk along 'The River Side' again,  
Health must return and sickness shall decrease,  
If here I see the smiles on Beauty's face.

*Calcutta, March the 11th, 1800.*

ODE

TO

*My Infant Daughter, ELIZA HOWRAH.*

COME Smiler! in my lap repose,  
Child of the Lily and the Rose,  
Come to me from thy mother's arms,  
I'll gaze upon thy opening charms; †  
Come, Love! and see me flowers prepare,  
To tangle round thy flaxen hair;  
Or playful strew before thy feet,  
CHAMPAC, \* the golden and the sweet,  
Or if more pleasing to thy sight,  
BELA, ‡ the delicate and white.

COME and I'll tune a tender lay  
For that, to me, auspicious day,  
I got thee from CONNUBIAL LOVE,  
In HOWRAH's Whampee-scented grove.

\* *Michelia Champaca*

† *Nyctanthes Multiflora.*

Bestow'd me near the opening glade  
Of yon tall spreading almond shade,  
ELIZA born—the wood nymphs smil'd,  
And HOUGLY stop'd to kiss the child.

THE VIRTUES all came to behold,  
Their ringlets shone in circling gold,  
MODESTY in sky blue array,  
And INNOCENCE as fair as day!  
Th' attendant girls danc'd at the sight,  
Apparel'd in the purest white,  
Each silver slipper'd virgin smil'd  
Bestowing kisses on the child.

Kiss, little Smiler, and go then  
To thy fond mother's arms again:  
Go, in her bosom find repose,  
Child of the Lily and the Rose.

*AN humble attempt to versify the LORD'S PRAYER.*

FATHER SUPREME, who sit'st enthron'd in Heaven,  
Eternal praises to THY NAME be given!  
THY Kingdom come—here may we THEE obey  
With such sincerity as Angels pay.  
Let us this day our daily bread receive,  
And pardon, LORD, as we our foes forgive:  
Our erring steps from soft temptation lead,  
And teach us how from evil to recede;  
Kingdoms are THINE and Glory ceasing never,  
And THINE all power for ever and for ever.

## O N - W O M E N.

*In my comparisons in this Poem, I have mentioned only the eight Winds known to the Ancients.*

A CLOSE examiner perhaps may find,  
WOMEN at birth are temper'd by the WIND.

PROCEED the nature of each WIND to trace,  
And next the passions of the FEMALE RACE.

THEY born when AQUILO<sup>(1)</sup> the Heaven deforms,  
Are scolds, and noisy like their parent storms.  
The more such Termagants you try to mend,  
More stubborn they and less dispos'd to bend.  
Hush! lest they dash by furious passions led,  
XANTIPPE like, decanters at your head,  
Such Females (Males in deeds) will come to blows.  
But one such Woman is an host of foes,  
Her element is everlasting strife,  
O save me, favouring Heaven! from such a Wife.

THEY born beneath the swift VULTURNIAN<sup>(2)</sup> blast,  
Are scarcely in a softer model cast.  
Yet not so bad—restrain'd by sense of shame,  
They openly regard a Female Name.

(1) Aquilo N. E. *a vehementissimo volatu ad instar aquilæ.*  
Horrifer Boreas.  
Qualis hyperboreis Aquilo cum densus ab oris.  
Incumbit—

*Ovid's description of Aquilo or Boreas.*

—Vi tristia nubila pello:  
Vi freta concutio, nodosaque robora verto  
Induroque nives et terras grandine pello.  
(2) Vulturinus S. E. *a vulturis volatu quoniam aliè resonat.*  
Celer Vulturinus.

Turn to the chamber;—why should I disclose,  
What the poor husband in the chamber knows?  
Private contentions!—yet he with the veils  
Of seeming smiles his real state conceals.

YE hen-peck'd husbands who lead restless lives,  
With pert, with formal, consequential Wives,  
Led round in leading strings just like a child,  
Do not be with SEPTENTRIO<sup>(3)</sup> blew more mild?

THAT Woman gifted with a chattering tongue,  
Who prattles scandal over her Soufong,  
Is born of LIBS<sup>(4)</sup>—the mostly trouble gives,  
Or when she pays a visit or receives.  
The envy sown in her malignant heart,  
Would wound her neighbour by each little art,  
'Tis not her Family this dame regards,  
Too fond of suppers and nocturnal cards.

WHEN SUBSOLANUS<sup>(5)</sup> blows, a beauteous race,  
Are born and known by the too tempting face.  
Of soft complexion, exquisitely fair,  
These are the Damsels with the golden hair;  
Quick melting hearts!—they too compliant prove,  
And eke the proper season worship Love,  
Their warmth of soul, the husband's peace destroys,  
Their taste for VENUS and delicious joys.

OVID  
VIRGIL  
(3) Septentrio. *Due N.*  
acer Septentrio ortus.  
(4) Libs or Africus S. W. by W.  
calus celeri faucibus Africo.  
recipitem Africum.

(5) Subsolanus or Eurus *Equinoctial E.*  
ut ad Auroram, Nabathæaque regna recessit,  
LUCRETIVS  
ridaque—

LIVY.

HOR.  
HOR.

OVID.



The God of Pleasure, from their natal hour,  
Nurs'd all these darlings in his rosy bower.

COLD is that woman born when CAURUS (6) blows,  
As cold in temper as December's snows,  
Her mind will fit her for inferior life,  
Or just adapt her as a farmer's wife !  
SYLVA's uncouth nor skill'd in things refin'd,  
But (Heaven's best gift) she has an honest mind,  
Pleas'd when on her the rural joys await,  
She wants not riches which pollute the great,  
For real happiness at home she seeks,  
Her half clad offspring with their rosy cheeks—  
Domestic work—her husband's scanty farm—  
While all employment yield, can fully charm.  
After a life in healthful labour spent,  
This poor, this happy dame will die content.

THEY born when'er MERIDIES (7) skims the plain,  
Are the blest'd daughters of THE GOLDEN MEAN,  
No ills in life their happy tempers break,  
Calm as the surface of the silver lake !

YE Virgins born when soft FAVONIUS (8) blew,  
Accept my passion and believe me true !  
Justly to you th' enraptur'd Poet pays  
Homage in tender panegyric lays.  
Your hearts of purity his soul approves !  
Your blushing downcast modesty he loves !

(6) Caurus or Argestes S. W.  
Semper hyams, semper spirantes frigora Cauri.  
(7) Meridies S.  
(8) Favonius or Zephyrus Equinoctial W.  
Candidi Favoni.  
Sub adventum spirantis leni Favoni.

Bless'd with all powers in Women that can please,  
Are the fair daughters of this gentle breeze !  
Bless'd with each mental and external charm,  
That Sensibility's chaste soul can warm !  
Ah may that maid of your bright train comply,  
For whom I languish and for whom I die.  
Would not she prove, to calm this worldly strife,  
A sweet companion and a tender wife !  
Come to this fresco by thy lover's side !  
Come, gentle AURA ! come and be my bride !  
Flowers of ANEMONE (9) to thee I give !  
Come, gentle AURA, with me ever live !

(9) The Wind Flower.

### THE CONTRAST.

WHERE BENARES ON GANGES' smiling side,  
Stupendous temples shew in idol pride ;  
Where, AURUNGZEBE,\* thy minarets tower, on high,  
And their exalted tops dart in the sky ;  
Where HINDOO priests, in holy vestments dress'd,  
Rule o'er this far-fam'd OXFORD of the East ;  
These eyes beheld a lovely female race ;  
Possess'd of all th' enchanting power of face ;  
Though on their necks EUROPA's snow's not seen,  
Though climate deep embrowns their darker skin,

\* " Aurungzebe has effectually displayed to posterity, the power and sovereignty which he exercised at Benares, by a magnificent mosque which he erected on the site (and even admitted into his plan a considerable part of the edifice,) of an ancient superb Hindoo temple.—This mosque continues perfect to this day, and with its high bounding minarets (which he also erected) overlooks the whole city." W. HASTINGS.



Their full black eyes awake such soft alarms,  
We gaze, enraptur'd, on their native charms.

Ye ASIAN LADIES! hard your fate appears  
Spent in one narrow space your bloomy years,  
Immur'd, obedient at the lordly call,  
Within a lone Zenana's guarded wall,  
Watch'd by Suspicion's ever glancing eye,  
In soft alcoves th' imprison'd beauties lie,  
And pine in pomp—light flits their limbs enfold;  
For them DAMASCUS weaves the rose in gold;  
For them the camel, patient traveller, brought  
Great RUSTUM's deeds in Persian tapestry wrought,  
To them HINDOSTAN's fertile empire pours,  
From DELHI's crowded gates, luxurious stores;  
But ah! what pleasure can their splendour give?  
They live in costly wretchedness—They live  
Like cag'd canaries—never to be free,  
Nor never know the sweets of Liberty!

HAIL to the Fair of that delightful land,  
Where liberal sentiments the soul expand;  
Where no hir'd guards within the portals lie,  
To watch their mistress with Suspicion's eye:  
Avaunt, thou haggard Jealousy! thou pest,  
Begot of old in the mistrustful East;  
Still hold thy rule to everlasting time,  
Far, very far from ENGLAND's happier clime!  
Deep fiend of Hell, thou tear'st the human heart,  
Thou wound'st affection in the tender part,  
Thou overturn'st where long form'd Concord stood,  
Thou bath'st thy wither'd hands in human blood,

Thou partest those long join'd by Friendship's name,  
Ev'n spotless Chastity thou dar'st defame.

Ye blooming maids of BRITAIN's generous land,  
The fairest work of God's Almighty Hand,  
At your soft shrine the powerful Lords I see,  
Of each more haughty empire bend the knee;  
To you, nor false my filial song, is given  
The truest likeness of your parent Heaven.

Enjoy the blessings your mild country brings,  
For Beauty's fetter'd where your Poet sings:  
As funeral lamps enlighten but the tomb,  
Here Beauty only shines within one dome.  
Poor cloyster'd souls! whose speaking eyes engage,  
In youth they pine, and fade in early age,  
Though with each grace of person form'd to move  
My easy bosom to harmonious love,  
They live, untaught by Reason's purer light,  
In darkness deeper than monastic night.

How happy ye not born that sway beneath,  
Where an imperial word gives life or death;  
Where merciless slaves at the supreme command,  
Oppress the poor and desolate the land.  
Barbarian maxims—Tyranny's black power  
Have run this too unwieldy Empire o'er,  
Here jarring Princes fight in dire array,  
Quotidian battles for provincial sway,  
And rend, HINDOSTAN! thy dismember'd frame,  
Thou, GREAT MOGUL! but bear'st that mighty name.  
Ah! may I live where Freedom holds her reign,  
In the mild islands of the western main,

With whose applause admiring nations ring;  
Ah! may I live beneath an ENGLISH KING.

### ODE TO BENARES.

CITY belov'd to thee I freely pay,  
In votive verse a tributary lay.  
To CRISHNA, with the golden colour'd hair,  
For ever will thy sacred name be dear.  
The Sciences and polish'd Arts are thine,  
Eternal mansion of the GOPA nine.  
Dearer to them than all the gaudy flowers,  
Which eyes poetic see round MATRA's bowers.  
Retir'd within thy deep cathedral shades,  
The reverend Pundits read the holy Beids.  
And learn man's erring race how to be good,  
And ne'er pollute themselves with harmless blood,  
Since Nature, simply pleas'd, requires no more,  
Than the green garden's vegetable store.  
The consecrated ox's honour'd neck,  
With sacred TOOLSEE \* Bramins here bedeck,  
And not a sacrilegious hand has power,  
To stain the knife in his forbidden gore.  
Thus once in LEARNING's primitive abode,  
Divine EGYPTIA, APIS own'd a God.  
Here pious maids, in GANGA's silver wave,  
Perform the Poojah and their bodies lave,  
And ope, whene'er the rosy day's begun,  
Their tender bosoms to the rising Sun.†

\* Toolsee—Ocymum Sanctum, a plant esteemed sacred by the Hindoos.

† Abul Fazel says, the Hindoos in all their prayers, implore blessings of the Sun.

When their bright eyes his radiance first behold,  
They bow before the glory beaming gold.  
Ablution o'er they sacred wreaths prepare  
Of BELA flowers to deck their jetty hair:  
BELA, \* whose yellow tinctur'd blooms present,  
Sweets to the sight and fragrance to the scent.  
The dimpled GOPA beauteous flowers approve,  
Emblems of Pleasure, Innocence and Love.  
O Sun, for thee in modulated lays,  
Here Bramin virgins pour forth hymns of praise.  
Supernal majesty of beamy light,  
Whose heavenly glories give the world delight,  
When they thy renovated splendours see,  
They kneel to thee, and to THE GOD OF THEE!  
O venerable seat of BRAHMA's power,  
Fair SERESWATY's† academic bower,  
Grateful for ever art thou to her sight,  
Not even METHILLA ‡ gives her more delight.  
In thee may moral bards hereafter rise,  
Whose towering names shall reach the lofty skies.  
May they inspir'd, to wondering worlds rehearse,  
Sublime MAHABARET's in epic verse.  
And ne'er may'st thou, of Arts th'eternal school,  
Know the proud MUSSULMAN's imperious rule.  
Till Time expires, may Britain's fostering hand,  
Exalt thy glories, and thy fame expand.  
Brighter, still brighter be, beneath her power,  
O splendid seat of Oriental Lore!

\* Bela—of this fragrant and beautiful species of Jasminum, the Hindoos form the *Haars* or chaplets which they ornament themselves with, at the time of bathing and devotion.

† Sereswaty—the patroness of Literature, or the Indian Minerva.

‡ Methilla—The seat of a renowned School of learned Brahmins on the borders of the Benares Zemindary.



## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

*Written in Doctor Stuart's History of Scotland.*

LONG had the name of MARY borne the stain  
Of blasting Infamy—but now convinc'd  
By STUART's truth searching pen, we gladly see  
Th' unmerited dishonour wip'd away.

O FAIREST flower that e'er in SCOTLAND grew!  
O star of beauty soften'd and refin'd  
With ev'ry polish'd grace—The GRACES' selves  
Own'd thee their lovelier sister nor could cope  
With thee, in perfect symmetry of form:  
Nurs'd in the soft and warmer climes of FRANCE,  
Thy native elegance too easy shone  
To the rough, ruder children of the North;  
For they, uncouth, thy every pleasing grace,  
Branded with levity's mistaken name.  
Fair Queen, unrivall'd in the roll's of beauty!  
Sad Queen, unparallel'd in misery's annals!  
Now with a double sceptre in thy hand,  
The darling consort of a powerful King—  
Now in confinement's gloom, capricious sport,  
For an imperious, subtle, rival Queen.  
But thy exalted soul was ne'er confin'd,  
For great ideas never felt a shackle,  
No fear can bridle them—they sudden burst,  
On the quick ears of an admiring world.  
MARY, by woes unmov'd, dy'd as a Queen,  
Not death, impending death, in terrors clad  
Could alter her firm face—religious smiles—

The mildest smiles—which shew contempt of death—  
Religious smiles—which shew our hope in Heaven,  
Still sweeter made her face—already sweet—  
For Christian Charity was there pourtray'd,  
And a forgetfulness of all her wrongs—  
O you, who caus'd her wrongs, dark and malign!

As different passions sway the human bosom,  
So different authors variously relate  
MARY! the story of thy hapless life.  
The splendid pen of ROBERTSON mislead,  
By priestly bias writes a priestly tale;  
But STUART, led by TRUTH's unerring star,  
Unprejudic'd in principle o'erturns  
That shining fabric once so much admir'd.  
Lo! MARY's virtues blooming from the tomb,  
Though wrap'd in slander for two hundred years!  
Rejoice, ye Nymphs of SCOTIA, let your hearts  
With exultation beat, behold that Queen,  
So much abus'd in life, bely'd in death,  
Shine more resplendent now, from censure free'd;  
Like the great Lord of Day, who screen'd by clouds,  
Seems doubly lustrous, when the clouds have pass'd.  
Weave with your own fair hands, Nymphs of the North!  
With your own mountain flowers let it be form'd,  
A wreath of honour for th' historian's brow,  
Which while your mountains last, shall flourish green,  
In the unperishable book of TIME.

ORT storms in life compel the human mind,  
To petty deeds, which when the gale's o'er-blown,



We can't believe we e'er could have perform'd :—  
Such was the fate of SCOTLAND'S Queen, whene'er  
By vassals forc'd to act beneath herself.



On the Great and Beautiful Poetry has ever showered her favours. Beyond a doubt the Muses have often touched the Lyre for this all accomplished and Lovely Prince. The following is one remaining instance of tuneful homage, which I the more readily transcribe as it may not be conveniently referred to by my readers in India. I wish to see all the poems collected which have been written on this Celebrated Lady, as well as the few productions of her own in the possession of Posterity. They would form a little volume very acceptable to all lovers of Poetry.

A NEW YEAR'S GIDE, To Queen Mary, 1562. \* *The Poet,*  
ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*To Queen Mary, when she first came Hame.*

WELCUM, illust'at lady, and our Quene,  
Welcum our Lyone with the Floure-dy-Lyce;  
Welcum our Thistle with the Lorane Grene,  
Welcum our rubent rose upon the ryce : |  
Welcum our Jem and joyfull Gentryce,  
Welcum our Beil of Albion to beir;  
Welcum our pleasand Princes maist of prayce;  
God give you grace agains this gude NEW YIER.  
Found on the first four *Vertues Cardinall*,  
On Wisdom, Justice, Force, and Temperance,  
Aplaud to prudent folk, and principall  
Of verteous life, thy glory to advance :  
Wey Justice equal with Discrepance !  
Strengthen thy State, with stedfastness to steir,  
To temper Tyme with true continuance,  
God give thee grace agains this gude NEW YIER.  
Fresch, fulgent, flurist, fragrant flower formose !  
Lantern to lueve, of lady's lamp and lot :  
Cherry maist sweet ! cheif carbuncle and choise :  
Chast smiling Sovragin ! shining beautie spot !  
Blest ! beautifull ! benygn ! and best begot !  
To this indyte please to incline thine eir,  
Sent by thy simple servant, Sanders Scott,  
Greiting, God grant thy Grace a gude NEW YIER.

\* Twenty four years before her death.



Or make your chambers beauteous to behold,  
With eastern vases figur'd o'er with gold,  
Deceits are various—oft to our surprize  
An hole upon the goblet strikes our eyes,  
But *then* he says the stor'd sides relate  
Of the DANAIDÆ, the wretched fate,  
To fill a perforated tub decreed,  
Whose faithless bottom leaks it's charge with speed,  
They wondering see their every labour vain,  
And poue in water o'er and o'er again !  
Not HUNTER you, whose brows the bays adorn,  
Nor foe of fraud, the orient God of morn,  
Can save one from the knavery of the cheat,  
So artfully he covers his deceit.  
Know, he deludes the votaries of the Nine,  
They lov'd of PHÆBUS, majesty divine,  
Whether he vamps an antiquated book,  
And makes it like a shining modern look.  
Or more, to gratify your all demands,  
Puts several curious volumes in your hands,  
Some tomes of which undecorated lie,  
Some with their gilded backs allure the eye,  
'Tis thus oft damag'd books of little note,  
Are recommended by their ally'd coat.

Be not too credulous, nor once give ear,  
To the glib language of an Auctioneer ;  
In bidding quite indifferent seem and slow,  
Though he appears determined on the blow ;  
Trust not his hand or talk (his words are smoke)  
Nor visage menacing the final stroke,

A a

Although the hammer's in the falling act,  
He will the meditated knock retract,  
Now, now just going!—at this point so nice,  
The dubious bidder makes advance of price.

*Verses to the Memory of Sir JAMES MACDONALD, Translated from the Latin*

“Permatute death deprived his country of this extraordinary genius and excellent Man.”

MACDONALD could a tuneful muse command,  
He touch'd th' harmonious strings with nicest hand.  
For him the rapid torrents ceas'd to flow,  
For him the listening winds forgot to blow,  
For him the birds stopp'd their melodious moan,  
To hear a music, sweeter than their own,  
Such potent charms, his language had to move,  
It hung, responded by the vocal grove:  
Alas! the bard, we've oft with pleasure heard,  
Within a foreign country lies inter'd.

*Translation of the HEXAMETER, designed for the Tomb of Mr. IRVINE,  
the famous blind School Master of Annan.*

IRVINE, O learning's son! thou cou'dst not see!  
Yet may we HORACE know as well as thee!  
What son of THAMES in this shall him outshine?  
Or they, of TAGUS, DANUBE, or the RHINE?

*DESCRIPTION of the most eminent Literary Characters among our Countrymen,—translated from the Latin of Lord HAMPDEN printed at PARMA.*

### MILTON.

GREAT MILTON, you first boldly dare unfold  
Of Battles never, by the Muses told,  
Though fate severe decreed your loss of sight,  
URANIA gave to you internal light.  
To you alone, you first of bards! was given,  
To range in bright record the wars of Heaven!  
The Serpent's wiles, told with deceiving breath,  
The tasted apple and succeeding death:  
This have you done and well perform'd the part,  
With HOMER's gravity and VIRGIL's art.

### POPE.

NEXT, you O! POPE, fair Science bids us name,  
Near your MÆONIDES you rank in fame.  
You best artificer of sweetest verse,  
You give examples while you rules rehearse:  
When you in manly strains the satire write,  
Than playful HORACE you speak more polite,  
Though soft your Muse, she cuts in every part,  
And probes the deep recesses of the heart.

### SHAKSPEARE.

HAIL you great Father of the English Stage!  
Immortal grace of a theatric age!  
You like a bird sang without formal rule  
Unlearn'd, unpractis'd in the critic school.  
NATURE alone was your great leading star,  
You follow'd NATURE, and you could not err.



## GARRICK.

GARRICK, chief master of the mimic powers,  
To fit the voice to circumstance, was yours.  
You of the Drama were a judge supreme,  
Your Comic writings more augment your fame.

## LOCKE.

LOCKE boldly div'd into himself to find  
How poor th'ideas of the infant mind,  
And whence the great Variety appears  
Which fills the soul in our maturer years:  
For all the Sciences, with sense profound,  
He fix'd the credence and prescrib'd the bound:  
Hear him the reasoning faculty explain,  
Which forms for argument a lasting chain.

## FRANKLIN.

ELECTRICITY lay long conceal'd,  
FRANKLIN at length important truths reveal'd,  
He taught th'ætherial flame in Heavens profound  
To pour its force, innoxious, on the ground;  
He the conductor form'd to rule the fire,  
And made it play along a slender wire.

## NEWTON.

ah  
NEWTON excell'd in energy of mind!  
The ornament of all the human kind!  
He pois'd the Sun, the parent of the day,  
And his satellites in just array!  
He shew'd each planet, course, and told us all  
The regulations of this goodly ball!  
The glittering prism presented to our sight,  
Which draws all colours from the solar light,  
At his great name I bow with reverend awe,  
Whose mighty genius fix'd each optic law.

## A D L Y R A M.

SALVE quæ fingis, proprio modulamine carmen:

• Salve Memnoniam vox imitata Lyræ.

Dulce! O divinumque sonas! sine pollicis ictu,

Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops:

Talia quæ incultæ dant mella labra puellæ,

Talia sunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

HE above verses to the *Æolian Harp* were given about thirty years ago by a fellow Student at the University to Dr. DINWIDDIE. They are here translated at his desire, and inscribed to him.

HAIL Harp from which such modulation floats!

Hail Imitator of Memnonian notes! \*

Sweetly thou sound'st, nor fingers aid impart,

Thou rich in Nature and devoid of Art!

Sweet as of harmless maids the honied words!

Sweet as the music of melodious birds!

\* The lute in the hand of the statue of Memnon, would play of itself at Sun rise.

AS it was the intention of Dr. DINWIDDIE that his remarks on the *Æolian Harp* should have accompanied the foregoing Ode I here reprint them from the BENGAL HIRCARRAH confident they will be highly acceptable to the public, coming from such an excellent Mathematician and celebrated Experimentalist.

J. H.

To the EDITOR of the BENGAL HIRCARRAH.

SIR,

AS the Ode to the *Æolian Harp*, published in the Hircarrah of the 4th of February 1800, has attracted the attention of several of your readers, and has produced the following translations of it, into English, that have yet appeared in public, the following

B b



observations on the invention and construction of the instrument, which were intended to have accompanied the Ode, may possibly still prove acceptable to some of your readers.

The celebrated Father Kircher was trying some experiments on a Monochord, a musical instrument with one string and a moveable bridge. He had left the instrument near a window, which was partly open, and had retired to his desk to note his observations, when all of a sudden his ears were attracted by the finest tones and the sweetest concords he had ever heard. He soon discovered the tones to proceed from the Monochord, and the *Musician* to be no other than the wind. Taking the hint, he constructed the first instrument, to which he gave the name of *Æolian Harp*. This happened at Rome, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The *Æolian Harp* may be made of thin well seasoned deal, in form of a triangular box, the ends being right angled triangles and the strings on the broadest side. The length two and a half or three feet. This however, should be determined by the breadth of the window, in which the instrument is to be placed. The strings may be made of any material used for other musical instruments. I have always found a small sized smooth catgut to answer best. The number need not exceed four. For when more than three or four strings sound together, which very rarely happens, there arises a confusion of tones which hurts much the effect. Indeed the finest, tone and most delicious concords proceed from a *single string*.

The instrument may be tuned different ways. Unison is perhaps the best.—It is remarkable that though two strings should be tuned in unison, and by the most delicate ear, yet the Secondary tones, or similar concords of these strings will seldom or never be in unison.—The open built houses of warm climates are but ill adapted to this instrument, which never performs so well as in a small close room with a great fire.—It is singular that the *Æolian Harp* cannot be made to act by an artificial current of air. I have tried bellows of various constructions and even a large Winnowing machine or Fanners as it is called, which produced a current of air sufficient to embrace the whole length of the strings, but without effect.

It is a very extraordinary fact in the doctrine of sound, that a string should vibrate not only through its whole length, and thereby produce a fundamental or base note, but that, at the same time, it should be resolved into certain aliquot parts, producing by their vibrations, all the most perfect concords.—The Theory of these Secondary tones has sufficiently puzzled all our writers on the elements of music.—Rameau, Bernoulli, D'Alambert, Euler, Smith, and many others, have applied their great talents to this investigation, without however having left any thing perfectly conclusive on the subject.—The most ingenious Theory of Secondary, as well as of sympathetic and harmonic tones, was published some years ago by Doctor Matthew Young, of Trinity College, Dublin. To this Work I take the liberty of referring such of your musical readers as may chuse to amuse themselves with this curious subject.

Yours, &c.

KOOLEAH, 31st May, 1800.



## MOBARUCK UL MULK,

### A POEM,

*Inscribed to the Ladies of India.*

### OBSERVATION.

SHOLAUM KHADIR, the son of ZABDA KHAN, was expelled from parental presence, on account of his enormities.—The present Emperor took him under his protection, and at length created him AMEER UL OMRAH; notwithstanding the high obligations he owed the Monarch, after a series of leading events, he entered the Imperial Residence in arms, cut out the King's eyes, and treated the young Princes with the most degrading indignities. Not stopping there, he violated the forbidden recesses of the Zenana, that highest insult to an ennobled Mussulman, and even presumed to intrude on the Imperial Ladies, but the lovely MOBARUCK UL MULK, the most beautiful and accomplished of the Royal Daughters, he endeavoured to soothe into a submission with his will. She, driven to despair, drew a concealed poinard, and buried it in her bosom—This latter circumstance furnished the hint for the annexed Poem.

HOW many Heroes of eternal fame,  
In DELHI liv'd, when DELHI was a name!  
O BABER, ACKBER, mighty chiefs! O come,  
Nor be all glory to immortal ROME!

Stop! and is glory but to man confin'd?  
Yes, surely, glory burns in womankind.  
Young ROME may justly boast her chaste LUCRECE,  
And zealous MARRONS raise the name of GREECE;  
But modern ~~they~~ can with ancient vie,  
As well in honour as in infamy.

J. D.

Hear me, ye Fair! for you I write the verse,  
Proud—should your rosy lips my name rehearse.

WHERE the Mogul's once ponderous ~~septa~~ stood,  
When ~~the Mogul's once ponderous~~ ~~septa~~ ~~stood~~  
SHAH ALLUM reigns—a second ~~Prasanna~~  
His counterpart in kingly misery;  
Both broke with sorrows—bow'd with weight of years,  
Both truly venerable, with silver hairs;  
Both doom'd alike—so Heaven's severe decree,  
Then ~~the Mogul's once ponderous~~ ~~septa~~ ~~stood~~ fall and children's end to see.  
Where Chiefs have blaz'd in deeds of blood expert,  
A subtle statesman sapp'd this Sovereign's heart,  
SEJANUS-like, he grasp'd at power too high,  
SEJANUS-like, behold the villain die;  
Who try to tear, may a like fate arrest!  
Virtue's fair flowers from woman's lovely breast.

HEAR me, ye Fair! a pleas'd attention bring,  
While of a blameless princely maid I sing.  
Hear me, ye Fair! for you I write the verse,  
Proud—should your rosy lips my name rehearse.

RAIS'd from a cypher by th' Imperial hand,  
To splendour, dignity and high command:  
Was GHOLAUM KHADIR—first unknown to fame,  
AMEER UL OMRAH last—a mighty name—  
Yet never could one kind idea move,  
His stubborn soul to humanizing love,  
Nor moral ties, nor duty e'er could bind,  
A merc'less heart, so cruelly unkind:  
Yes! his accursed hands, in brutal whim,  
Dar'd cut those eyes which pity beam'd on him,

O Heaven! dar'd give the light-depriving wound,\*  
And strike his scepter'd master to the ground.  
A dreadful fact (impearl it with your tears)  
A youth thus racking age of seventy years!  
But more he dar'd—he gave the shameful word,  
To force the soft Zenana with the sword,  
Expos'd the golden rooms to vulgar sight,  
The secret seats of exquisite delight;  
Sacred to Love, and Love's entrancing powers,  
Where the tir'd Monarch pass'd reposeful hours.  
From these recesses torn by ruffians rude,  
MOBARUCK, you a lovely victim stood,  
A bashful virgin, trembling and afraid,  
In snowy robes of innocence array'd.  
Of all the daughters of th' Imperial race,  
She far outshone in comeliness of face.  
The throbbing loves in her soft bosom rovd,  
And when she mov'd, th' attendant Graces mov'd:  
Sweet offspring of the Sun! our eyes adore  
Thy various beauties, but thy virtues more.

As she was forward brought, the savage gaz'd,  
At such a form of symmetry amaz'd,  
And for a moment, as he silent view'd,  
Some trills of feeling trembled through his blood;  
With innate rage soon from himself he shook  
The tender thought—the scarcely soften'd look,  
And dar'd to touch, with passion rudely warm,  
The royal robe which veil'd her lovely form.

\* August, Saturday 10th, 1788, the Emperor was deprived of sight.



O race of TIMUR ! how could hands profane,  
On your exalted persons fix a stain ?

IN her soft breast contending passions roll'd,  
Inspiring honour made the Virgin bold.  
" Sooner," she cry'd " Eternal Power believe,  
" I'll spotless die, than e'er polluted live ;  
" Sooner in floods of gore, the friendly knife,  
" Shall terminate my yet unblemish'd life ;  
" As soon would Heaven the love of right forego, o  
" As I on earth the least dishonour know."  
With such immortal sentiments impress'd,  
She plung'd the murderous poinard in her breast !  
Will not the cause her name from death retrieve ?  
While Virtue's name's rever'd, her name shall live.

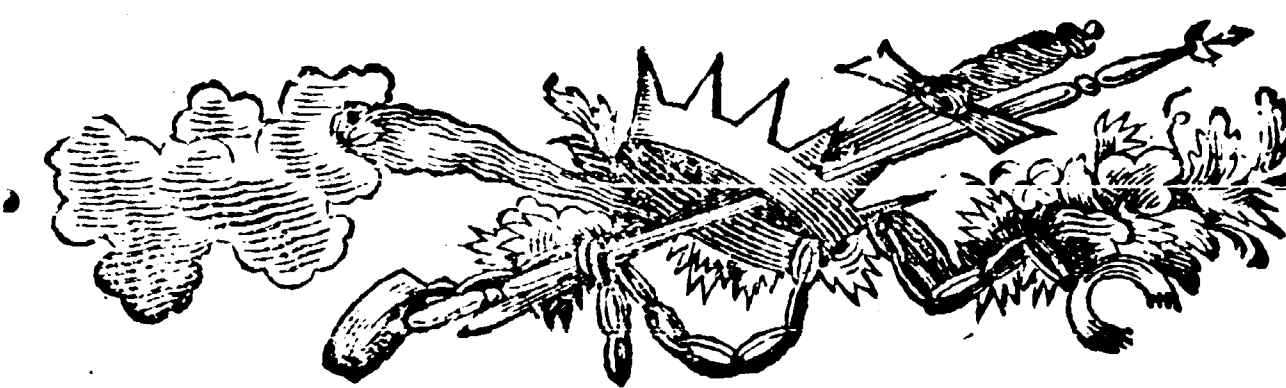
SAY, GREECE and ROME, if ever ye beheld,  
This Maid in lofty fortitude excell'd.  
Was ever one with higher glory fir'd !  
Was ever one with purer thoughts inspir'd !  
By you, sweet PAINTING ! be the story told,  
Let us on canvas the great deed behold :  
PAINTING ! sweet Nymph, this fact thy power involves,  
The Virgin bleeding !—and the monster's looks.

JUST Heaven, or soon, or late, will always pour,  
On man's unrighteous head destruction's shower ;  
KHADIR at length, check'd in his black career,  
Meets a dread end, yet scarcely too severe.  
Behold this premier ruffian of his age,  
The sport of children in an iron cage !  
So was the captive BAJAZET erst view'd,  
By the great Father of the TIMUR blood,

Nor did you warlike SCINDIA, deem complete,  
The vengeance due to villanies so great ;  
Till the despoiler lay, no more to rise,  
With hands and feet cut off, and sightless eyes !  
Think you on this, whose with your power exceeds,  
When mad ambition fires to daring deeds.

O HEAVENS ! how bright the pearls of Virtue shine,  
Out-blazing diamonds from GOLCONDA's mine.  
Virtue ! the source of bliss, of boundless worth—  
The lamp of reason on th' enlighten'd earth.  
May it, while Woman is, for ever rest,  
On the soft convex of her heaving breast,  
Be such it's place till reverend time expires,  
While Man, proud Man, beholds it and admires !

YE charming Fair ! for whom the Lyre I strung,  
Ye all accomplish'd beautiful and young !  
Say, may a Bard once smil'd on in the West,  
Ask Favour's Myrtle in your softer East ?  
The pleasing gift his pensive Muse demands,  
Gift doubly sweet, if given by your fair hands.  
Read this, ye Fair ! for whom I write the verse,  
And let your rosy lips my name rehearse !





THE ART  
OF  
LIVING IN INDIA.

*"Catch the manners living as they rise."*

NO more shall tragic stories \* fill our rhymes.  
Come turn and look at life in softer climes;  
In EASTERN INDIA'S realm pursue the route,  
Where passions burn within, and Suns without.

AH! charming land of pageantry and ease,  
Where every luxury conspires to please;  
Where every want, at Pomp's supreme command,  
ANTICIPATION fills with servile hand;  
Where vassals tremble at a master's frown;  
Where we for ever loll on beds of down.

FROM ENGLAND now and *English* life afar,  
Let ASIAN manners only be your care;  
Now the fatigues of stormy seas are o'er;  
And now the tedious voyage palls no more;  
CALCUTTA, lo! as LONDON o'er the THAME,  
Lifts her high head above old HUGLY's stream:  
There, NOVICE, fix your residence, and try  
To scan the passing scene with curious eye;  
The motley mass of various life discern,  
And put in practice quickly what you learn.

FIRST, if you mean to gain a due respect,  
(And what so terrible as cold neglect!)

\* Alluding to the foregoing Poem of Mobaruck ul Mulk.

Let eight trim bearers uniformly dress'd,  
Attend your palanquin of modern taste;  
Fly at a call, and bring you here and there  
To laugh and chatter—God knows what or where:  
In vulgar eyes a palanquin has charms,  
But on the shining sides emblaze your arms,  
This elegant convenience first procure,  
Before you thrust your nose without the door.

LET a long train, obsequious at a call,  
Attend in order round your spacious hall;  
At breakfast seated, let the shining plate,  
Arrang'd with splendour, indicate your state;  
For taste superior, gracious Heaven invoke,  
And learn that fashionable art—to *smoke*!  
The breakfast ended, on a couch reclin'd,  
The grateful hoqqu will relax the mind;  
'Tis then the crouching slaves our orders take,  
*Before they know what we're about to speak;*  
But if some low born creditor should come,  
Be sure give orders then, *you're not at home.*

A THING more odious there can never be,  
A craving creditor detest to see;  
(Though horrid fights, yet still more pleasing far  
The poisonous snakes and bloody tigers are)  
Should one intrude himself before your sight,  
Then make him promises, which break at night.  
Howe'er unpleasing such disgustful folk,  
Yet we may deign to give them *civil talk.*

D.d

IN 'kill time visits' pass away the noon,  
 And 'chit chat parties' never leave too soon :  
 Hear how they talk of politics, and how  
 The news of the confederate armies go ;  
 Or rather with the laughing Ladies play,  
 And spend in fiddle faddle half the day.

WILL you, O Youth, admiring such, disdain  
 To beat the spacious round of LEARNING's plain,  
 And cull no knowledge from the fruitful store,  
 Nor to instructive-books devote one hour ?  
 Now see with JONES where Art and Science lies ;  
 Now view th' enamel'd flowers with HARDWICKE's eyes !  
 Lamented JONES, his race of glory o'er,  
 With silver sounds will charm the world no more !  
 For HIM young CAMA flew from realms above ;  
 For HIM the GOPIA left their MATRAN grove !  
 Peruse his page—A fount of mental gain,  
 All his immortal works *for you* remain ;  
 Or will you, like the beau monde gentry, say,  
 'The path is rough, and troublesome the way.'

PERHAPS bewitching cards give more delight,  
 That sweetest pastime for a Winter's night ;  
 If they to tedious hours relief afford,  
 Then with your ivory counters strew the board,  
 Genteely o'er the green cloth'd table play,  
 'Till the Fort's thundering gun announces day.

CAN you thus far your fierce desire command,  
 To let no frequent bottle fill your hand ?  
 Can you in converse many an evening pass,  
 And give few kisses to the fyren glass ?

In colder climates liquor stupifies,  
 But *here* from wine the raging furies rise !  
 Ah ! shun the copious draught, for lo ! beneath  
 The oft fill'd rummer, lies that robber Death.

AND still, O DEATH ! for you I'll tune the song,  
 Here let not the *too wealthy* live *too long*,  
 O'er men grown grey mid lacks exert your powers,  
 With your hard hammer down with them by scores,  
 And were they all my very dearest cousins,  
 I think that Colonels should fall off by dozens.

Go learn,—for why should I the tale unfold  
 Of 'ways and means' to store your bags with gold ;  
 Perhaps some angry beau, your friends among,  
 Would blame th' excessive freedom of my tongue ;  
 Perhaps some reprehender would accuse,  
 Th' informing stories of the tell-tale muse.

No piercing probe can remedy impart,  
 Should once corruption's canker catch your heart ;  
 If public love is lost in love of self,  
 You're only bias'd then by lust of pelf ;  
 ON HASTINGS think—a persecuted name,  
 Of ENGLAND now THE GLORY and *the shame* ;  
 Impeach'd observe th' illustrious Statesman stand,  
 Even though he prov'd 'the saviour of the land.'  
 HE of our gratitude sad proof appears,  
 Pursu'd by Law for *nine* oppressive years ;  
 He held the sceptre firm mid factious strife,  
 Secur'd us kingdoms—and we fought his life :  
 COLUMBUS thus a golden world bestow'd,  
 And thus IBERIA made him kiss the rod ;



Thus his great name for ever must remain,  
A lasting monument of shame to SPAIN!

SHOULD e'er PROMOTION in an happy hour,  
Exalt you near the pinnacle of Power,  
Goddeſs ador'd! ſhould her almighty hand,  
Advance you to ſome lucrative command,  
Ah! be no niggard then, no purſes ſpare  
Nor hoard up treaſures for a worthleſs heir,  
Enjoy yourſelf, for fleeting are the hours,  
And Death arreſts us oft from pleaſure's bowers!

PROMOTION! ſource of everlaſting mirth,  
Belov'd by all the men of all the earth,  
The jarring race of man, O courted Power!  
In ſweeteſt union thy name adore.  
Before thee TURKS and PAGANS bend the knee!  
Before thee PARTY's factious bands agree!  
HINDOO and CATHOLIC will kiſs thy ſhrine!  
Ev'n the proud PROTESTANT ſtyles thee divine!  
POWER of Powers! may thy benignant face  
For ever ſmile on the poetic race!  
And ah! hereafter, may they never feel  
The pangs of poverty, for holy zeal!  
Enthuſiaſtic men! protect each bard,  
And be thy golden gifts their bright reward:  
*Poets themſelves*, in patriot ſpirit free,  
*Poets themſelves*, have deign'd to bow to thee!

WHEN you PROMOTION's courted ſmiles have won,  
When ſhe pronounces you her darling ſon,  
Her future riſing ſon—when countleſs ſtores,  
Shall daily fall to you in golden ſhowers,

Will you in turn your generous heart expand,  
Nor ſtore her favours with a niggard hand?  
Go, glare in pride of drefs, and be you then  
The pink of faſhion for inferior men.  
With ſplendid pomp embellish your abodes,  
Bright as VALHALLA ſhines in Runic odes,  
Your every room, as orient as the morn,  
With PATNA's gilded furniture adorn;  
Your walls let ſmooth reflecting mirrors line,  
Spend till you ſay 'what houſe can vie with mine?'  
Give me, O Power! but money to command,  
I'd ſhine the paragon of Indian land:  
What curls I'd wear—what powder—what perfume—  
I'd ſtench VESPASIAN \* from my dressing room,  
What dangling roſes on my ſhoes ſhould reſt!  
What an enormous pin adorn my breaſt!  
WANTONIA's leering picture there ſhould lie,  
And the huge miniature charm every eye!  
Two watches—yes!—they're pretty to the ſight;  
Should one go wrong, the other may be right:  
I'd ſhine ſuperior even above the proud,  
And be diſtinguiſhable from the croud!

SINCE now you baſk in Fortune's funny ray,  
Give, give, your rolling gold to ſee the day,  
Not like THE GRIPING SET *who ſave and ſpare*,  
*To perish wretched in cold northern air*.  
When'er your *eaſy* miſtreſs goes abroad,  
Then let the pomp of FLAVIUS fill the road;

The Emperor Veſpaſian deprived a gentleman of his office who came into the  
ence highly perfumed, declaring he would rather he had ſtunk of garlic.



Let six chubdars your silver sticks display,  
 And shading punkas mitigate the day ;  
 Let emeralds set, her slender wrists enfold,  
 And all her purpled vestments shine with gold :  
 Let her, ah ! let her thus genteely ride,  
 While, as she comes, we starers sneak aside.

WHEN she's at home (how dear the thoughts of home)  
 Keep her secluded in a seperate dome  
 Conscious to love and the soft hours of joy,  
 Let her mid fragrant oils the noon employ ;  
 Let her there, wrapp'd in robes of costly lawn,  
 Enjoy the sweets of aromatic pawn,  
 While servile daees, in flowing cloth array'd,  
 By turns attend, and fan your charming maid.  
 Yes, yes, ye Gods, sure such is earthly bliss,  
 'What would I give to be the Lord of this !'

So black-ey'd HOURI, clad in robes of light,  
 Softly administer supreme delight ;  
 So they entrance one in the blissful hour,  
 In the recesses of their secret bower !

SUPPOSE I gently whisper in your ear,  
 (Think not the friendly monitor severe)  
 To keep in bounds ; for, where there's many a call,  
 Presumptuous creditors might ruin all.

LET no bold youth, with ENGLISH warmth elate,  
 If he desires to shun poetic hate,  
 E'er by insulting words dare to debase,  
 What LADY PRUDERY calls 'an half bred-race' ;

Else will th' avenging bard, their champion, rise,  
 And whirl him headlong to the nether skies.  
 Illiberal man, if you my ire inflame,  
 I'll damn to late eternity your name !  
 Know, I can trace, in long succession run,  
 Their high born lineage from the sacred Sun.  
 Oft have they charm'd me on the flowery plain,  
 And often may they charm mine eyes again !  
 Even here, \* where CHARITY has rear'd the dome,  
 To give unguarded Innocence a home,  
 Where balmy air my sickly breast inhales,  
 Sweet as amomum, in these scented gales,  
 Perhaps our eyes some maidens might behold,  
 With all the virtues in their softer mould.  
 Perhaps some young ELIZA here may lie,  
 With shape of symmetry and sleepy eye,  
 Perhaps the virgin's modest cheeks adown,  
 The rosy tincture forces through the brown :  
 If such there is, O, ye ! with fortune gay,  
 Lead forth th' alluring Orphan into day !  
 My auburn beauties, let all virtuous arts,  
 Tune the fine fibres of your tender hearts ;  
 Let love of purity your souls inspire,  
 And nobler bards for you shall strike the lyre !

YE shapely Nymphs, who form my pleasing theme !  
 Ye, born where GANGA rolls her hallow'd stream,  
 Accept these numbers, written with spirit free,  
 I love your INDIA and your INDIA me !

\* Howrah, where this Poem was written.

Thus I've selected, with a Judgement nice,  
 Instructive lessons of oblique advice;  
 Be your attention to the Muse inclin'd,  
 And print them on the tablet of your mind.



## THE BATTLE OF BEETORAH.

*Inscribed to Captain THOMAS HARDWICKE.*

*HIS battle, in which the Robillas were defeated, was fought near Beetorah, between them, under Gholaum Mahomed, and the Company's troops, in behalf of the Vizier Asoph ul Dowla, on Sunday, the 26th October, 1794.*

NOT in thy realms alone, unhappy FRANCE!  
 Does War with sanguinary steps advance,  
 Through every clime his powerful influence runs,  
 We see him now rouse INDIA's softer sons.

WHERE the ROHILLA race, a fertile land,  
 For fifteen Lustres held the chief command, \*  
 Where DAUD KHAN with wandering ARGANS came,  
 And form'd the State of the ROHILLA name,  
 There rose a warlike and adventurous power,  
 Strangers to fear in peril's awful hour;  
 Stiff tribes of OMAR's sect, expert in arms,  
 Who drove the milder HINDOOS from their farms:  
 Twice have they tri'd, with innate courage proud,  
 To shake the Musnud of the PRINCE OF OUDE,  
 How vain such hopes! th' impenetrable shield,  
 Held up by BRITAIN's arm their force repell'd.  
 Erst did they bow on CUTTERA's purple plain,  
 To conquering CHAMPION, their brave RHAMUT slain; †

Daoud Khan came into Hindostan about the year 1720, and from the year 1727 may be dated the first important establishment of the Rohilla power.

*See Forster and other writers on the Robillas.*

Hafiz Rhamut, the great leader in the first Rohilla war, Colonel Champion defeated him beyond Cuttera, near the village of Tefsunah in the decisive battle of St. George, April 23, 1774.



Even now they mourn in extacy of grief,  
 Th' improsp'rous battle and their captive Chief.  
 Inhuman Chief! to gain supreme command,  
 Fraternal blood imbru'd your impious hand;  
 But sovereign Justice gave the awful word,  
 And rais'd aloft her interposing sword.  
 By furious homicides all power's defy'd,  
 Even ASOPH's dar'd, with BRITONS at his side!

For You, the bard will battles past rehearse,  
 And form the record in historic verse,  
 That day, in arms, he trod the smoaking plain,  
 But wept, when lay, like hecatombs, the slain!  
 Know, VERSE and FEELING are not far apart,  
 There's nothing softer—BUT A VIRGIN'S HEART.  
 To LOVE and WAR in every polish'd clime,  
 The harp's attemper'd by the sons of rhyme.

IMAGINATION! turn your eagle eyes,  
 Beyond where BREILLY's spiry towers arise—  
 BREILLY, who heard th' alarm with pallid look,  
 While all her temples to their basis shook.

How loud the noisy Naggars bet to arms,  
 As the grim warrior tribes advanc'd in swarms;  
 We, BRITONS, saw th' imbodied horsemen join  
 On either flank their thick embattled line;  
 GHOLAUM himself, intrepid Chief, appear'd,  
 Assuring conquest and a meet reward.  
 On yonder elephant he goes, behold,  
 Where the bright scarlet shines emboss'd with gold!  
 His tiffu'd vestments glare as he rides on!  
 His lofty Houda glitters in the Sun!

With confidence of victory impress'd,  
 His enterprizing bands he thus address'd:  
 "Let us from INDIA yonder men efface,  
 "Nor spare a soul of their detested race.  
 "Yon alien race, which now your eyes explore,  
 "Youths! laid your fathers in their smoaking gore!  
 "Once by their arms our martial bands were slain,  
 "A feast for vultures on the reeking plain.  
 "Let big revenge now every bosom fire,  
 "The old who wail'd a Friend, or young a Sire.  
 "The Prophet wills—I here his will impart,  
 "I feel his holy impulse at my heart.  
 "Regain the glory lost on CUTTERA's day,  
 "Let your avenging swords the BRITISH slay—  
 "Bring the dissever'd heads—there shall be told  
 "For every head a recompence in gold.\*  
 "ROHILLAS! think on the ROHILLA name,  
 "And raise this day a monument of fame!"  
 They all by one consenting buzz reply,  
 And raise an hundred standards to the sky.

Who can forget that memorable day,  
 Both armies met in terrible array,  
 GHOLAUM commenc'd the fight—his cannons roar'd—  
 But harmless fire on our battalions pour'd.

\* The Rohillas, having had an army treble in number to that of the English, were confident of victory. As an encouragement to slaughter the Europeans in particular Gholaum Mahommed had promised two gold mohurs for every "Feeringy head," which accounts for their taking away the heads. This circumstance was afterwards confirmed to me by several Rohillas who fought on that day against the English. On the road to Rampore a Rohilla who died of his wounds was found under a tree with the heads of two Europeans beside him, nor did the pangs of death make him quit his prize for their hair was firmly twisted round his fingers.



The signal given—we mov'd in firm advance,  
 And dar'd the fabre's edge and murderous lance.  
 The armies clos'd—what carnage then was view'd!  
 The field of battle soon a field of blood!  
 What conquer'd foes in streaming gore were laid!  
 How groan'd the dying and how fell the dead!  
 O'erpower'd at length we saw their dire defeat—  
 And mark'd them seeking safety in retreat.

BUT still the men of ROHILCUND may claim,  
 Intrepid men, the honours of a name;  
 None better know, from peasant to the lord,  
 To dart the shining lance or wield the sword.  
 High beat your bosoms with courageous zeal!  
 High glow your passions for the commonweal!  
 Who fell, though conquer'd in their slow retreat,  
 Would have, in glory's cause, fell truly great.

HARDWICKE! when war shall cease, and war's alarms,  
 And the contending Powers lay down their arms,  
 When smiling PEACE shall raise an olive wand,  
 And sign the treaty with her snowy hand,  
 Will you an hour from favourite studies spare,  
 To think of battles past, and read of war?  
 To You the Muse this tuneful tribute pays,  
 To You she looks, ambitious of your praise.  
 But may she ne'er intrude upon that hour,  
 You wish to give to philosophic lore!  
 Nor when the families in green have caught,  
 Arrang'd by classes, your attentive thought:  
 Nor when the birds whose plumage beauteous shine,  
 Or curious fossils from the mystic mine,

Or glittering insects from the shady wood,  
 Or finny natives from the silver flood,  
 Are sent by friends to your judicious view,  
 As NATURE, smiling, shews herself to You.  
 The virtuous man to harmless study given,  
 Enjoys such mental bliss as seems an Heaven!

*Written in the Camp at Puttab,*  
*November 26th, 1794.*

### THE VANITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

*Written in imitation of SWIFT.*

“ 'TIS true we talk of friendship much,  
 “ But who are they who can keep touch?”  
 Thus sung HIBERNIA's patriot Dean,  
 In Satire's energetic strain,  
 The story we have now in view,  
 Will prove his observation true.

Seventeen hundred pound a year,  
 Made Jack to all the country dear;  
 Of it no stingy niggard, as  
 His starving predecessor was,  
 Who left behind him what he stor'd  
 Of gold—the God that he ador'd,  
 But Jack, Sir, liv'd a different way,  
 Amid the youthful and the gay,  
 He'd friends to come to him and dine—  
 To prodigally drink his wine—

To spend the tedious passing hours,  
In costly pleasure's roseate bowers,  
To take all from him they could get,  
To make him pay their tavern debt,  
To give advice in private ends,  
In short—who had so many friends?

But now, alas, the time had come,  
When *Jack* must lose his stately home,  
When he had run in debt, to have  
Th' expensive suppers which he gave,  
When he consum'd his whole estate,  
That fame might sound him goodly great,  
At length the Sheriff, keepers laid  
On house, until his debts were paid,

Now let me think, says *Jack*, on gentry,  
Who'll give me diet and my rent free,  
There is Samuel, James, and John,  
Generous Constantine and Mun,  
Whose numerous friendly actions shew'd,  
Their tempers hospitably good,  
Whose soft benignity will grant,  
What my necessity may want;  
With them I'll screen from Law's turmoils,  
'Till fortune, more propitious, smiles.

His case to Samuel first he told—  
Him Samuel cordially condol'd,  
But costly aid he could not give,  
Yet seem'd from teeth to greatly grieve,

When *Jack* saw his dissembling mode,  
He curs'd the gifts he ill bestow'd,  
And hied to James's to sojourn;  
But supplication meets with scorn,  
He rapp'd at door—sent up his name,  
The servant with this answer came,  
“My Master says, he does not know you,  
“Permit me the hall door to shew you,”  
Thus baffled and abus'd by two,  
He went to John and told his wo,  
But John, Sir, with a bow polite,  
Exclaim'd his house was robb'd last night,  
And was it not for that he would  
Repay the compliments he ow'd.

*Jack* stung with disappointment's pain,  
At this unmerited disdain,  
From those he nearly rais'd from want,  
Cry'd, ‘Could I former deeds recant,  
‘I'd choose with more judicious ken,  
‘My friends mid less designing men.’

Wrap'd in such thoughts, which woes augment,  
To generous Constantine he went,  
Who said his wife was brought to bed,  
The Doctor's fee was not yet paid,  
The house rent was a heavy debt,  
And money he could no where get.

THEN quick to Mun he bent his way,  
And told the Fates severe decree,



Impell'd by Law's austere command,  
Which Poverty cannot withstand,  
To quit in an inferior garb,  
(Profusion's sure and just reward)  
A patrimonial pleasant seat,  
His wealthy ancestor's estate,  
And O! if hap'ly he would glad,  
A bosom miserably sad,  
Even with that cheering ray of hope,  
Which might the present anguish stop,  
He'd pray that to him should be given,  
Transcendent joys—the gifts of Heaven.

MUN quick replies—"My dearest Jack,  
"You know the trouble on my back,  
"You know Lord Love by passion led,  
"Debas'd defil'd my nuptial bed,  
"But when I damages recover,  
"I'll pay your friendship doubly over."

POOR Jack when he had try'd each friend,  
And found none who'd assistance lend,  
Return'd with sorrow in his heart,  
Which now felt Penury's galling smart,  
Scarce was he in, when noise at door,  
Made him his dreadful case deplore,  
He thought 'twas Bailiffs him to take—  
But O! how pleasing the mistake,  
A letter with the glad account,  
He'd got a prize to the amount,  
Of twice five thousand sterling pound,  
Which he might draw from Lottery fund.

His friends came the succeeding day,  
Respects and compliments to pay,  
And even to lend the wanted cash,  
(They're sorry now they were so rash)  
Says Jack (who with just passion burn'd)  
"Avaunt! by me you're ever scorn'd,  
"You vile dissembling hypocrites!  
"You mean deceitful parasites!  
"I cherish'd you far worse than fiends,  
"And thought you were my dearest friends,  
"Too late I see my sad mistake,  
"Experience must true wisdom make,  
"Tis it will teach to justly scan  
"The temper of dissembling man.  
"Of friends, I thought I'd such a store,  
"T would Fabius tire to name them o'er,\*  
"But now I plainly see, alas,  
"True friendship neither is nor was."

*The foregoing Poem is founded on a fact which happened in the City of DUBLIN. It is one of my earliest efforts at Poetry, having been written and published during my fifteenth year. The lines on Erudition, which follow in the next page, are a later attempt, but also a very juvenile performance.*

## IMITATION.

\*—Adeo sunt multa loquacem  
Delassare valent Fabium.

HOR.



H h



## ERUDITION A POEM.

ATTRACTING daughter of refined Taste,  
Before whose seat I bow'd my willing knee,  
When scarce my prattling tongue could lisp the love,  
Due to my Mother's tenderness, and when  
The name of child was chang'd for that of boy,  
Fair ERUDITION, thy alluring charms  
Awake to harmony the trembling lyre!

I NOR invoke the HELICONIAN Maids,  
Nor bright APOLLO to inspire my lay;  
But thou whose sweet neglected charms I sing,  
Say wilt thou lead thy votary to thy bower?

THOUGH nurtur'd in the polish'd school of GREECE,  
Divine thy origin, Immortal Maid!  
How bright the morning of thy life appear'd  
Thy GRECIAN offspring tells succeeding ages,  
But when thy tender soul at War's alarms,  
Affrighted shudder'd, to imperial ROME;  
Thou fled'st and hid'st thyself in MARO's breast,  
While great AUGUSTUS with a lover's love,  
Woo'd thy attracting charms and in the bower  
Of peaceful olive gave thee sweet repose,  
Then in thy sportive HORACE did'st thou please  
And laugh'dst th' AUSONIAN nation into sense;  
Then easy NASO with melodious strains,  
Charm'd the refining LOVES of GREECE to ROME,  
O feat of all the humanizing arts;  
Where SALLUST, LIVY and chaste PLUTARCH shone,  
But when corruption soften'd ITALY,  
Affrighted LEARNING droop'd her sickly head;

At length by SCANDINAVIAN fury driven  
To dull oblivion's unillumin'd dome,  
In a monastic gloom she lay conceal'd  
Till sumptuous LEO fill'd the papal chair;  
Then VIDA rose and on his mitred head  
Th' illustrious MEDICI their bounty shower'd,  
When ALBION's glory with fresh lustre shone  
Beneath the auspice of the maiden queen,  
Then Nature's sweetest child pour'd forth his verse  
And Wisdom's darling son in BACON rose:  
But soon, with grief, in a luxurious court  
We see thee laugh'd at by voluptuous CHARLES,  
Patron of Lewdness, in his wanton reign  
Impure obscenity was sense and wit.  
Licentious Rochester, in Fortune's smiles,  
Propitious bask'd, while men of brilliant parts,  
Enjoy'd not kingly smiles—Smiles ever due  
To Wit's immortal sons by mighty kings!  
Did BUTLER, Humour's child fall through neglect?  
Did OTWAY faint with hunger's gnawing pangs!  
The bard of pathos he—Did he know want!  
Did tuneful DRYDEN merely write for bread  
Who shew'd the majesty of ENGLISH verse.  
O painful retrospect—such scenes no more  
Shall rest a stigma on a future reign.

NEXT, ERUDITION, next the happy days,  
I joyous trace when purest incense burn'd  
Upon thy holy shrine—Then ANNA reign'd!  
A constellation luminously bright,  
The golden hours with glory's rays adorn'd  
Then NEWTON traversed the heavenly spheres,

And metaphysick LOCKE unfolded man,  
 Then did chaste ADDISON display the charms  
 Of Heaven born Virtue and her white rob'd train  
 Then lived thy SWIFT, who shew'd the wondrous power  
 Of innate genius to the admiring world:  
 Thou wert then, by thy POPE's immortal hand,  
 Crown'd with the laurel and the myrtle wreath,  
 While round thy throne unnumber'd votaries press,  
 (Yet no Historian in the sacred band)  
 To lay their splendid offerings at thy feet,  
 Thou smil'd'st, they smil'd—each th' others smile enjoy'd.

THE SUN of LEARNING on the present day  
 Benignly smiles—Though ERUDITION mourns,  
 Her JOHNSON gone, yet HAYLEY's lofty page,  
 Instructs th' unskilful in the finer arts,  
 And taught *even me* in thick Bæotian air  
 To make a feeble step in Glory's road.

Here Filial Love inspires a grateful verse,  
 To a departed Father's silent shade,  
 Sad Recollection, weeping, strikes her harp!  
 Her harp—to sorrow's deepest note attun'd!  
 Behold the rosy boy—the rising youth,  
 Enjoy his aged smiles—indulgent smiles,  
 While dimpled pleasure sits upon his cheek,  
 His wrinkled cheek and lo! his hoary locks  
 They shake with joy—Hear his instructive voice,  
 Lay down just maxims for the future man.  
 O dear departed Sire look down from Heaven,  
 And keep thy guardian fight still o'er thy son.

\* This Poem was written in Ireland immediately after the death of Doctor Johnson.

Instruct him how to tread the better path  
 And reverence Virtue even in savage climes.  
 The seed thou planted'st, with a careful hand,  
 It's youthful produce by thy longing eyes,  
 Was ne'er beheld—above the level bed,  
 Thou saw'st it spring, but never saw'st its flowers!  
 The cruel hand of death despoil'd my youth  
 Of that important watch—Paternal care;  
 No guide had I to teach me how to steer,  
 Save ERUDITION's philosophic page.

SWEET Nymph, how much I owe thy soothing power,  
 Thy silent soothing power—to me more dear,  
 Than all the trifling follies of the Ball,  
 The gay parade—the foppery of dress,  
 The full decanter of inflaming wine,  
 The table deck'd with finery of FRANCE,  
 Bespread with cards—mere womanish delight;  
 Even all the joys Invention's sports can give,  
 Are nought compar'd to that which thou afford'st.

In the still hours when o'er the silent Heaven,  
 A veil is spread by sable hooded night,  
 Thou bring'st the heroes of the world to view,  
 And what an ALEXANDER was mak'd known—  
 A SCIPIO what—Imperial CÆSAR what—  
 And what a WILLIAM on the banks of BOYNE—  
 And what a WOLFE on QUEBEC's fatal plain!  
 Illustrious men by martial glory fir'd,  
 To more than mortal deeds—I see you stand  
 Upon the highest pinnacles of Fame,



While ERUDITION with her sacred pen,  
Records your acts for ages yet unborn!

With deep concern I view thee, lovely Fair!  
Fly from that verdant Isle which gave me birth,  
I breathe a filial sigh, heartfelt and sad,  
*The Isle of Saints*, the voice of History tells,  
Thou smiled'st on once, though now thy tender feet,  
Can't bear the rugged roughness of the ground,  
Is there no soft alcove to rest thy limbs  
From proud EBLANA's tower to DERRY's spire?  
A mighty space! and not one altar rais'd,  
To her who mends the morals and the mind:  
*There* Vice and filky Luxury prevail,  
And taint the principles of rich and poor,  
*Here* COMMERCE gently puffs the swelling sails,  
And her Divinity's alone ador'd.

LONG has BRITANNIA been thy peaceful home,  
Nor GREECE nor ITALY, can boast thee now,  
Critics there are disdainful of thy charms,  
Nor see thy majesty in BRITISH dress,  
Unless thou com'st forth in the like array,  
In which thou travelled'st with MÆONIDES,  
Or if th' AUSONIAN Toga covers thee,  
In which thou traversedest o'er MANTUA's plains,  
Then only then thou beautiful appear'st,  
To PARTIALITY's short sighted sons.

AND who is PARTIALITY?—A Dame,  
Extremely stubborn and her neck so stiff  
She cannot turn—and to her squinting eyes

# AMATOR AND MARGARETTA, A TRUE AND AFFECTING LOVE TALE.

—aut Veneris curæ narrantur inanes.

MARC. HIERON. VIDA.

Will sadly pleasing tales amuse thine ears,  
The fate of lovers and their fruitless cares?

IN JANUARY, 1788, Amator was invited to spend an evening at the house of a Rector, who lived near a large town in the north of Ireland; on the same evening, a young lady, accompanied by her aunt, came to the Doctor's happy residence. The young lady's name was Margaretta. After tea, cards were introduced, they played at whist, and as the young lady's face engaged Amator's attention more than cards, he lost, as may consequently be expected. He was happy to lose to so sweet an antagonist; at the close of the evening, he left the Rectory house with sensations such as he had never before experienced.

Amator was very uneasy, and he could not tell why. The next day he waited on Margaretta's aunt, with whom he had been long intimate, and now most studiously endeavoured to ingratiate himself in the old lady's favour; he saw her lovely niece, and spoke to her with all the fluency of eyes. He was timid, and feared to address Margaretta herself, at length he avowed his sentiments to her aunt, who recommended him to wait on her father, and request permission to ask his daughter's hand.

He waited on her father—he found him in a village of delight, sequestered from the hurry and bustle of the tumultuous world, surrounded by three charming daughters, as beautiful as Summer! In the softest manner he explained his business. Mr. — gave him all

K k



the satisfaction which the most ardent suitor could have expected will give you my sister Fanny, and she is far more beautiful than myself. I.

Many days of timid courtship elapsed, before Amator had the courage to fully explain himself to Margaretta, although she had long been sensible of the affection which he entertained for her, yet she seemed not to know it; however after deliberating, he grew bold, and in a tremulous voice avowed himself her lover.

Margaretta was coldly polite, she gave him no satisfactory answer—thus she continued for several days.

As Amator had now become an intimate in the family, he asked her sister Fanny, if she could assign any reason for Margaretta's frien-  
conduct. 'Yes,' says Fanny, 'I will communicate the reason to you.

'The year preceding your acquaintance with Margaretta, she was on a party of pleasure to the delightful town of Ballyshannon. It was there at the assembly rooms, she first attracted the notice of Lieutenant Power, an accomplished young gentleman of good family. Lieutenant Power made proposals of marriage to her; she equally delighted with her lover, favourably received his addresses, and the sanction of my father only was wanting to complete the desired espousals.

'Shortly after, the Regiment to which Lieutenant Power was attached was ordered to some of the settlements in America; Margaretta only awaits his return, so for you to think any more of her, is in vain.

Amator became very pensive on hearing of her pre-engagement, and acquainted her next day, he had come to the knowledge of it.

'Yes,' says she, 'it is true, I was several times about to tell you, but I always found a repugnance to do it. However I now declare I love you—I feel for you—I pity you—but I can never be your's; yet

Amator heard her—he gazed at her—he was silent—for he had lost the power of utterance!

A letter now arrived, which brought the melancholy account of the demise of Lieutenant Power; he was scalped by the American savages, and afterward put to a cruel death.

On the receipt of this letter, in the first transports of grief, Margaretta took his picture, gift of himself, which she until now had ever kept concealed in her bosom, and with streaming eyes bestowed on it ten thousand kisses; when she became a little calm, and the violence of her passion had subsided, she kneeled, pressing the picture to her heart, and suddenly extending her hands to Heaven, she in the most solemn manner, vowed eternal Virginity for the sake of HENRY POWER!

Here she fainted away!

And here Amator fell into strong convulsions!

To this fatal vow does Amator owe the variation of a life which might have been spent in happy contentment. To this fatal vow he owes all the sorrows which embittered his succeeding years!

I shall here transcribe from Amator's pocket book, the character of Margaretta, which he had then written, when warm in love.

The person of Margaretta is exquisitely fine; she was cast in one Nature's softest moulds, and shews a model of perfect symmetry;—her deportment is as stately as her looks graceful; nurtured in the refined school of elegant life, the Graces attend her command, and play around her lovely person; she is mistress of all accomplishments, which in splendid society attract the gay, the witty, and polite; her conversation is sprightly and fascinating and they who enjoy her com-

pany on, with sincerely to see her again."

Perhaps, Margareta! had you never existed, Amator would never have seen India. No!—This tale of Truth would never have been told to the groves of Asia! India certainly affords a good asylum for those unfortunate young men, whom their own imprudence may have led into difficulties, or whom profligacy and inconsideration may have hurried to shame the virtues which only lie dormant in their bosoms. Amator, born and educated in opulent splendour, and nursed in the velvet cradle of indulgence, was led thither by his own extreme fate. Perhaps Heaven by inscrutable ways, which the feeble comprehend cannot fathom, is guiding a series of successive incidents to terminate in future felicities. I do not presume to justify misconduct, but whenever I deliberately reflect, I insensibly fall into a train of moralizing ideas.



BLOCKED INFORMATION.